CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. VIII. London, October, 1910 No. 6

CONTENTS:

COVER DESIGN—WARDA HOWARD—By HUGH STUART CAMPBELL.

Illustrating "The Return of the Werewolf"	Percy Edward Anderson	Frontispiece
The Brotherhood of Silence Illustrated with photographs	Georgina Newhall	403
The Return of the Werewolf. Fiction Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson	Edwin Balmer	413
The Last Turnstile. Verse	Mabel L. Stuart	421
The Reverend Ebenezer Spillgath and Moses. Fiction Illustrated by Peter Newell	Ellis Parker Butler	422
A Departure. Verse	Sara H. Birchall	424
How Films Are Made for the House of Dreams Illustrated with photographs	Currie Love	425
A Beautiful Morning. Verse	Wilbur D. Nesbit	430
The Man Who Stuck to the Job Illustrated with photographs	Maud M. Fessant	431
An Uncommercial Traveller. Fiction Illustrated by C. A. Maclellan	W. Lacey Amy	437
The Country Press of Western Canada	Flora Baldwin	442
Evonota. Fiction Illustrated by F. D. Potts	Frank Houghton	445
The King's Wish. Fiction Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm	T. G. Marquis	453
Playing Tag With the Boundary Illustrated with photographs by the author	Clyde Alison Mann	463
The Right Angle	The Editor	469
Story of the Play Illustrated by Hugh Stuart Campbell		474
Chestnuts and Cheese		480

Issued Monthly. Price: { Canada and Great Britain $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy. { United States, $2.00 a year, 20 cents the copy.

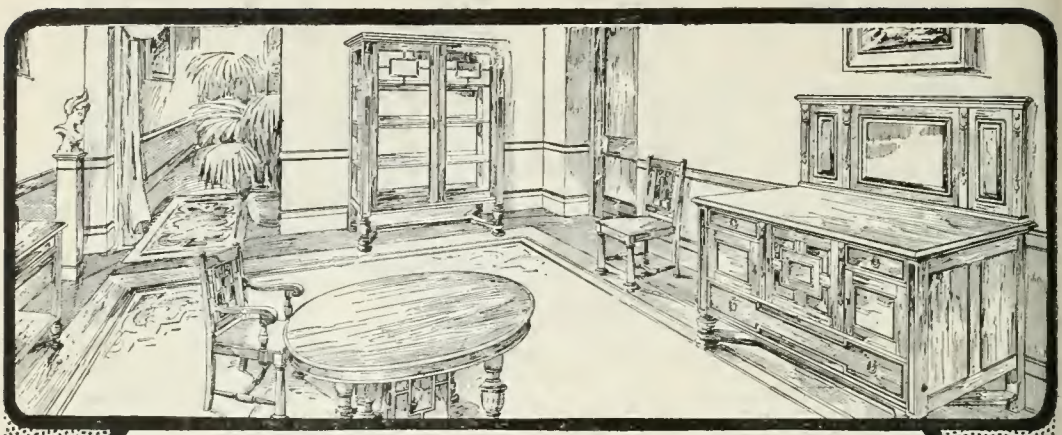
All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.
Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter.
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Ltd., Publishers

SILVESTER-WILLSON BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322

OFFICES AT

LONDON	TORONTO	MONTREAL	CHICAGO
382 Clarence St.	68 Victoria St.	522 Board of Trade Bldg.	1502 Marquette Bldg



The Dining-Room Should Be---a Place of Beauty

That's granted. But the furniture in that room is worked overtime. To buy a new suite every few years costs money. YOU don't need to. **"LACQUERET"** will restore the original beauty of your dining-room suite, making it just as attractive as the day you bought it. **LACQUERET** is not a paint, nor is it a varnish, but a **beautifying lacquer** made with soluble and **permanent colors.** It is elastic, hard drying and lustrous and **easily** applied. Its original **beauty is lasting.** ¶ Write for our booklet, **"Dainty Decorator."** It is entertaining and informing. A post card brings it.

Most Hardware and Paint Dealers Sell "Lacqueret."

Note—**"LACQUERET"** is sold in Full Imperial Measure packages only.

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

2363 **TORONTO—WINNIPEG**

TRADE MARK

LACQUERET

HOUSEHOLD LACQUER

The Real Emancipation of Shaving Slavery

The New York Barber Co., comprising many of the best and finest equipped shops in New York City, is the first to adopt the WILLIAMS' and recognize it as the one perfect SHAVING DEVICE in the world to-day.

If it is Good Enough for the Barber, It is the Best for You to USE.

IT IS PERFECTION

Try it for ten days. Test it carefully, for it means freedom forever from all shaving cares and expenses.

There is no hoeing, scraping or cutting, no blades to be replaced every week, no set screws to adjust daily. Just lather your face thoroughly, and enjoy the luxury of a three-minute, home-made satisfactory shave.

It will serve you just as well after ten years, as it will to-day. The first cost is the only expense. You will be entitled also to one year's free membership in the WILLIAMS' Shaving Club, which keeps the blades honed and in perfect condition.

As many different Positions in one Razor as Shaving Requires.

THE WILLIAMS'

ALL-WAYS ADJUSTABLE

SHAVING DEVICE

Packed in genuine Morocco Leather Case	1-Blade Set	2-Blade Set	4-Blade Set	7-Blade Set
	$2.50	**$4.00**	**$7.00**	**$10.00**

The WILLIAMS' SHAVING DEVICE carries the WILLIAMS' guarantee, the guarantee of the New York Barber Co., the guarantee of **16,000** Retail Druggists in the United States under the name of the American Druggists Syndicate and the guarantee of **6,000** Druggists throughout the Dominion of Canada under the name of the National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada. It will carry your endorsement if you try it.

WE WILL PAY YOU FOR YOUR DEALER'S NAME.

On receipt of **$4.00** and the name of your druggist, hardware or Department Store, we will send you a Williams' Two-Blade Set (Price **$4.00**) and one year's subscription to one of the following magazines:

Canada Monthly	Sub. Price	$1.50
Rod and Gun In Canada	Sub. Price	1.00
Pearson's Magazine	Sub. Price	2.00
McClure's Magazine	Sub. Price	2.00
Munsey's Magazine	Sub. Price	1.50

The Williams' Device is sent on ten days' trial. If not entirely satisfactory within that time we will refund the full purchase price to you on request.

WILLIAMS' COMPANY, Terminal Building, Hoboken, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Sole Trade Distributors For Canada—

THE NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.

MONTREAL, CANADA, and all Branches.

DRESS MAKING HELPS

FROM THE EATON CATALOGUE

WHERE better than to Eaton's could you look in search of style correctness and latest ideas in dress materials? Paris, London, New York—the fashion centres of the world—speak to you from the pages of the Eaton catalogue. Here in the catalogue you will find the latest weaves and colors in dress fabrics and trimmings, secured at first hand, by our branch buying offices. All offered to you through the Eaton Mail Order Service with the positive assurance of satisfaction in every purchase. So it makes little difference that you live a few miles or a few hundred miles from Winnipeg. Secure a copy of our catalogue, and if you wish write for samples of dress goods. You'll be pleased with the materials offered—the pretty weaves and becoming shades—and there is a strong note of economy in every Eaton purchase that is heard nowhere more forcibly than when buying dress goods and dressmaking supplies.

Write To-day for Your Copy of The Eaton Catalogue

Think of this Eaton catalogue as being your very own. There is a copy for YOU. If your catalogue has not been received it's because we do not know your present address. Write to-day. Your catalogue will go forward by earliest mail, free of all charge.

The Eaton catalogue for Fall and Winter has its welcome news of season's latest offerings, with the equally welcome price message of economy. And there is the added assurance of unquestioned reliability—the knowledge that satisfaction is guaranteed with every purchase.

T. EATON C° LIMITED
WINNIPEG - - - CANADA

The Ladies' Dress pictured here is pattern No. 5256 from the Fall Quarterly Style Book of the Ladies' Home Journal patterns. Price of this book, including one 15c pattern, is 20 cents, or 28 cents by mail.

Samples of Dress Goods shown in catalogue willingly sent to any address. To avoid delay give catalogue number or definite description.

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

"AND when they stood him up and asked him why he hadn't stayed on board," said Cy Warman, telling the tale of the man who got left at Glacier, "he says, 'G-gentlemen,' says he, 'it was perf'ly natural. We had the lemons in the buffet-car, and we had the whiskey, and, g-gentleman, I g-got off at Glacier to get the ice.' "

"That reminds me," said **ARTHUR STRINGER**. when the laughter had died down—there were half-a-dozen men in Dr. Drummond's study, telling tales—"that reminds me of the joy-jaunt of Michael Joulin, and the miracle that didn't come off." And with that, he told the tale that is appearing in print for the first time in **NOVEMBER CANADA MONTHLY** (formerly Canada West), under the title of **THE MIRACLE TO MICHAEL JOULIN**. Michael and his wooden-leg miracle, and the crass ingratitude of the village of St. Anne de Beaupre is the best habitant yarn you've read for a long, long time.

"EVER' man is a good deal of a unnecessary liar with wimmin, till after he's married," says **W. D. EATON'S OLD CIRCUS MAN**. "Tries to make every woman he meets think he thinks she's the picka the hull barrel. . . That's how Danny Grogan got his." Bill's sunset yarns are always human and amusing, and **HOW DANNY WAS BUMPED** is one of the best.

KATHERINE HUGHES in **A TOUR OF THE NORTH COUNTRY** tells some interesting Peace River experiences; **BONNYCASTLE DALE** discusses **ISLAND FARMING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA**; **BLEASDELL CAMERON'S** story, **THE TRIUMPH OF KOOMINAKOOS** is a vivid reminiscence of Indian days; and **MAE HARRIS ANSON** in **DOWN THE ST. MAURICE** gives one of her charming, chatty accounts of her travels. **W. LACEY AMY'S** adventures of the jewelry saleswoman are continued, and there is also other interesting matter by **T. G. MARQUIS, HENRY SCHILLER, W. D. NESBIT, HELEN AVERY HARDY**, and others. The illustrators are **FREDERIC M. GRANT, HUGH STUART CAMPBELL, ELLSWORTH YOUNG, C. O. LONGABAUGH, F. D. SCHWALM**, and others. November is a corking number—open it anywhere, and you'll find good stuff.

CANADA MONTHLY

Formerly Canada-West

VANDERHOOF-GUNN COMPANY, LTD.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

$1.50 Per Year. Subscribe To-Day.

CANADA MONTHLY HOTELS AND TRAVEL

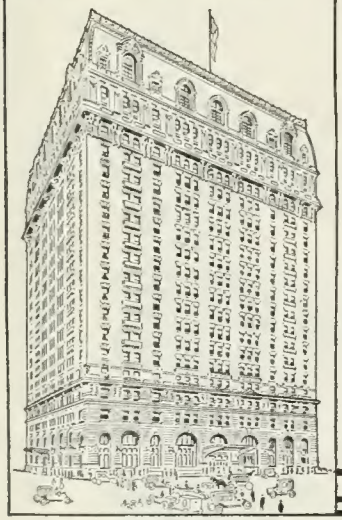
We are pleased at all times to supply any information about hotels or travel that any of our subscribers may wish. Write us and receive the fullest possible advice.

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

George H. Gazley, Manager
La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago.

Hotel La Salle is already one of the famous hotels of the world and excels all Chicago hotels in the elegance of its furnishings, the excellence of its cuisine and the thoroughness of its service.



RATES

One Person:

Room with detached bath: $2.00 to $3.00 per day
Room with private bath: $3.00 to $5.00 per day

Two Persons:

Room with detached bath: $3.00 to $5.00 per day
Room with private bath: $5.00 to $8.00 per day

Two Connecting Rooms with Bath:

Two Persons, - - - $5.00 to $8.00 per day
Four Persons, - - - $8.00 to $15.00 per day

Suites: $10.00 to $35.00 per day

All rooms at $5.00 or more are same price for one or two persons.

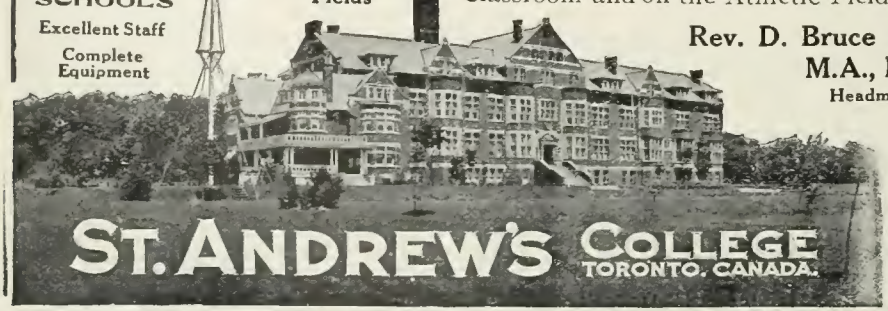
Center of Chicago's Activities

UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS
Excellent Staff
Complete Equipment

Large Athletic Fields

Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Careful oversight in the Classroom and on the Athletic Field.

Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D.,
Headmaster



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
TORONTO, CANADA.

Calendar sent on Application.
2500

LONDON LONDON

For the "De Vere" Hotel Terms, see over

The Prince of Wales Hotel

DE VERE GARDENS, KENSINGTON
HYDE PARK. W.

For Home Comforts and Cuisine Unsurpassed
Accommodation for 140 Visitors

THE PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, W.

Situation most fashionable and central for pleasure and business, nearly opposite Kensington Palace and Gardens, quiet, being just off the High Street, Kensington, near the Albert Hall, within a few minutes' ride of Hyde Park Corner.

THE PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, W.

Terms, inclusive, en pension, weekly, single, £2 12s. 6d, and upwards. Special reductions to families and officers.

Single Bedrooms	4s. 0d.
Breakfast	2s. 0d.
Luncheon	2s. 6d.
Dinner	3s. 6d.
Or daily, with full board and baths	from 9s. 0d

THE PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, W.

Ladies and gentlemen contemplating taking up or changing their residence in London are requested to inspect this residential Hotel.

Telegrams: "Suasively, London."
Telephone No.: 3022 Kensington (2 lines).

Address: MANAGER, PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL
DE VERE GARDENS
KENSINGTOR, LONDON, W.

THE · DE · VERE · HOTEL
Kensington, London, W.

THE DE VERE HOTEL

For Tariff, Address

MANAGER
DE VERE HOTEL
KENSINGTON
LONDON, W.

Telegrams: "Improvisor, London."
Telephone: 524, Kensington.

THIS Hotel, with its strikingly handsome exterior and commanding position facing the Kensington Gardens, is a well-known Kensington landmark. It has Public Rooms and Lounges on the Ground Floor, is fully licensed, and is generally considered to be the most **Select, Fashionable** and **Moderate** Hotel in the district.

En pension terms, from 10 6 daily
En pension terms, from £3 3 0 weekly

Lift to all floors. Electric Light, Radiators. Bedrooms centrally heated. Separate tables. Private Suites and Sitting-rooms.

The Prince of Wales Hotel

is a fully-licensed, High-Class Residential Hotel, with accommodation for 140 visitors; it is luxuriously furnished, and has a service so excellent, with prices so moderate, that visitors staying in London for a longer period than a few days often find it to their interest to reside at the above rather than at the larger or more expensive centrally-situated Hotels. Arrangements can be made for Motor Garage, Stabling, etc., in the immediate vicinity.

LONDON, W.

The Broad-Walk Hotel

DE VERE GARDENS
KENSINGTON, W.

Tel. No.:
858, Kensington

Telegrams:
"Kensingtonian, London."

In the immediate vicinity of the BROAD-WALK, Kensington Gardens.

THE BROAD-WALK HOTEL

INCLUSIVE, EN PENSION TERMS, from 8 - per day
BEDROOMS, from 3 6 per night

ELECTRIC LIGHT LIFT TO ALL FLOORS

Address: MANAGER, BROAD-WALK HOTEL,
De Vere Gardens, KENSINGTON, W.

"The Great Double Track Road"

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Affords unequalled service to

New York—Eastern Canada—New England

Make your next trip East over

The Grand Trunk Railway System

You will thoroughly enjoy the trip. Visit Chicago en route and

See Niagara Falls

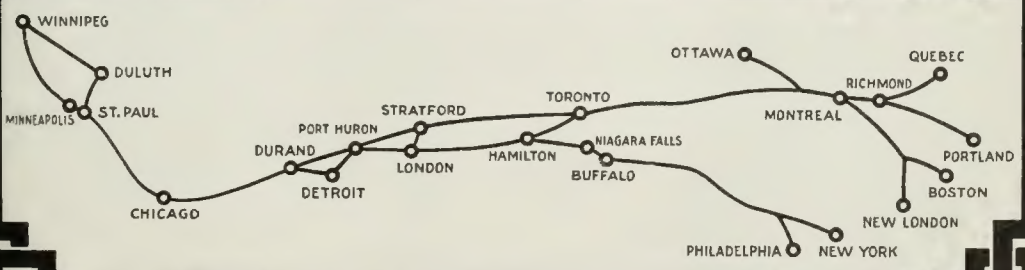
On this road you will find everything that contributes to comfort—wide, roomy berths in Standard Pullman Cars—Unexcelled Dining Car Service—Velvet Running Roadbed—in fact, every modern equipment will be found on the Grand Trunk Railway System.

Agents for all Steamship Lines and Cook's Tours.

For Rates, Time Tables, Stop-overs, Sleeping Car Accommodations and interesting literature, apply to

A. E. DUFF, General Agent, Passenger Dept.

260 Portage Avenue **Phone 7098** **WINNIPEG, MANITOBA**



Wanted Just a Few More *Real Men*

MEN who believe in, and love, progress—men who are not slaves to precedent and prejudice—fellows full of grit and determination—strictly Twentieth Century—earnest—enthusiastic workers—are scarce.

MEN with hearts—and souls—and feeling for their fellowmen—men who will pitch in and help overthrow a great wrong—and wipe a blot from civilization—*these* are the kind of men we want.

YOU see we have a mighty mission to perform. There are a lot of bright, shining stars in our ranks now—but we still need—just a few more.

YOU could not even dream of a business or proposition as great and as glorious as this one—grand and noble in every sense of the word—brand new and wholly non-competitive—it is, in addition, a most fascinating and lucrative field.

NOT only the lifelong gratitude of their fellow beings, but—**$50.00 Weekly to $21,500 in 22 Months** is the well-deserved reward our managers are earning. There are men who are soon going to break this record—are you one?

ONE of our fellows—who, by the way, is not yet 30 years old, and has been with us only a little over a year—has cleared over $12,000 since January 1st. Entirely out of the profits of this business he has bought a home and an automobile—and yet his progress is merely typical of many more.

I TELL you a proposition has got to have *real*—*genuine*—*merit*—of a high order behind it to make such success possible.

THE man simply does not live who is too big for this work. An opportunity like this comes but once in a lifetime. Naturally—it will not be open long.

DO you want to be among the lucky ones? Do you want to reap your share of the golden harvest? Can this great cause count on you? If so—don't waste a minute—but say the word—to-day.

THE OXYGENATOR CO.

Over 200 Branches in America alone. **154-156 Pearl St., BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.**

CALL at our nearest office and get acquainted—or, better, come and see us here—we will show you some of the amazing things we are doing in this country—and an export department second to none in America—having a staff of native Spanish, Portuguese, German, French and Italian Attaches.

To Europe

VIA THE

White Star-Dominion

Canadian Service

R. M. S. "Laurentic" and "Megantic"—largest and most modern steamers from Canadian ports—or the **R. M. S. "Canada" and "Dominion"**—twin-screw. One class (second) cabin service.

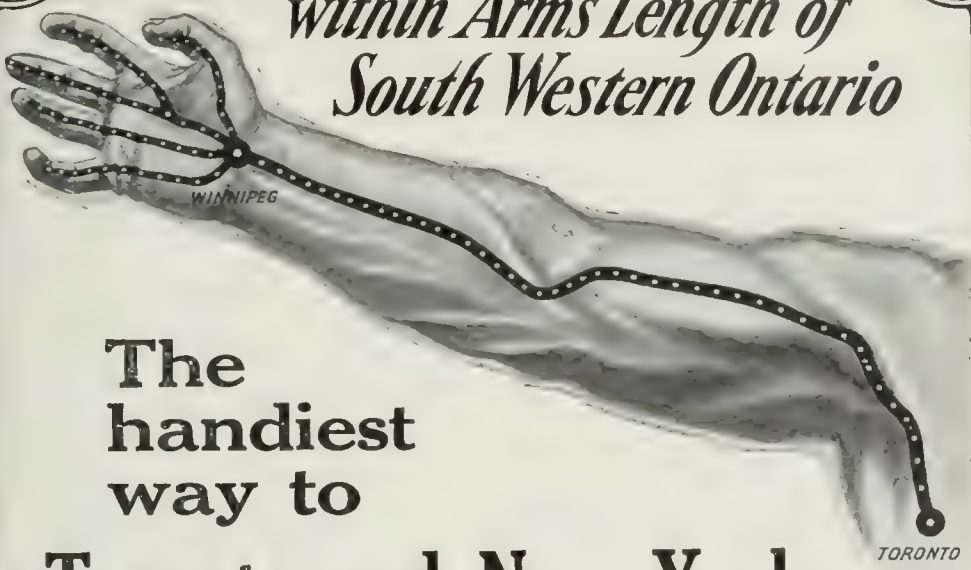
Read "A Sheaf of Marconigrams and a Letter"—it tells the story tersely; to be obtained from Local Agents or

COMPANY'S OFFICES,
205 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg
118 Notre Dame St. W.,
Montreal.

"QUAINT HABITANT VILLAGES LINED THE SHORE."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Manitoba and East Saskatchewan within Arm's Length of South Western Ontario



The handiest way to

Toronto and New York

Less than 40 hours from Winnipeg to Toronto, the natural gateway to Southwestern Ontario, New York City and the entire Empire State.

The Toronto Express leaves Winnipeg at 22:10 daily.

This is the fastest long distance train in Canada and one of the best equipped trains in America. The Dining Car is dainty and elegant in all its appointments, irresistibly inviting in its snowy linen, polished silver, and beautiful china. The choicest foods temptingly prepared are served a la carte—pay only for what you order.

The extra wide berths of the fast through Sleeper permit you to sleep as comfortably as you do in your own bed.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

pays strict attention to those small details, which makes traveling over its lines enjoyable.

C. E. E. Ussher,
Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager.
Winnipeg

C. E. McPherson,
General Passenger Agent,
Winnipeg.

CANADA MONTHLY CLASSIFIED

Read by over a hundred thousand people every month. Rates: Two cents a word—numbers and initials counted as words. Copy must be in our Winnipeg general offices by the 15th of each month.

REAL ESTATE AND FINANCIAL

W. J. CHRISTIE & CO.—OFFICES: UNION BANK Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Representing The Ontario Loan and Debenture Co., The London Life Insurance Co. (Loaning Department), The Huron and Erie Loan and Savings Co. Money loaned on improved farm security. Agents wanted in unrepresented districts in Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

HEUBACH, FINKELSTEIN & HEUBACH, COR. Portage and Main, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Investment Brokers, Rental and Real Estate Agents. A special feature made of the management and the securing of property for non-residents and manufacturers. Correspondence invited from responsible people

IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED FARM LANDS for sale in the heart of the best wheat growing district, close to railway. As an investment there is none better—you are buying something tangible which will more than double in price as has been demonstrated in the past. Write for full particulars. John L. Watson Land Co., Winnipeg, Man.

MAURER & WILDE, 901 McARTHUR BUILDING, Winnipeg, Insurance-Financial Brokers and Specialists in Canadian Farm Lands. Write for particulars of some of our bargains in Western Canadian Farm Lands.

PUBLICITY BUREAUS

WINNIPEG, CANADA—NO OTHER POINT IN Western Canada can present the same combined advantages for the Manufacturer or Investor as Winnipeg. Let us send you full information. Charles F. Roland, Industrial Commissioner, the Winnipeg Development and Industrial Bureau.

MISCELLANEOUS

GOOD PAY, CASH WEEKLY MAKE, $10 EARNED spare time, checking, copying form letters, attending advertising material for each locality. Dept. A, Pandora Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

INTELLIGENT GIRL OR WOMAN—SPARE TIME, each locality, address envelopes, mail circulars, pay 15c hour, material stamps furnished free.—Dept. A., Rex Mailing Agency, London, Ontario.

ARTICLES FOR SALE

MAILED FREE—CATALOGUE DRUG SPECIALTIES, Ankle and Knee Supports, etc. Write to-day. Elgin Specialty Co., St. Thomas, Ont.

Concrete Block Facts.

Build a business of your own that will bring **big profits.** Make Ideal Concrete Blocks. Great demand for them. Men of business ability and sound judgment can make sure success aided by our advice and assistance. Prospective Builders, Established Lumber Dealers, Contractors, Architects write at once for attractive proposition.

IDEAL CONCRETE MACHINERY CO., Ltd.
Dept. 113. 211 King St. **London, Ontario**

More Sonnets of an Office Boy

BY SAMUEL E. KISER

PRICE, 75c.

Vanderhoof-Gunn Co., Ltd., Publishers

WINNIPEG, MAN,

WANTS AND FOR SALE

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS. 53 YEARS' REPUTATION. Lace Cover FREE with largest Catalogue issued. Lace, Serge, Muslin Curtains, Casement Fabrics, Household Linens, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Shoes, Costumes, Gents' Clothing. Reliable British makes. Saml. Peach & Sons, Box 674, The Looms, Nottingham, England.

WANTED—CROWDS TO PURCHASE NATION'S Custard Powder, ½-lb tins, 15 cents; makes 4 quarts of delicious custard. Ask your grocer for it. Wholesale Agent: W. H. Escott, Winnipeg.

A BOOK THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME, "Standard Cyclopedia of Recipes," contains over a thousand choice recipes for all kinds of cooking, baking, preserving, creams, perfumeries, paints, inks, oils, etc. Sold regularly at $1.25, cloth covered. Sent postpaid on receipt of sixty cents.—Home Book Co., Box 695, Winnipeg, Man.

CLARKE & CRESWELL, 2 GRESHAM BUILDINGS Guildhall, London, established 25 years at same address, take charge of any orders for buying and shipping goods of all kinds to Canada. Small commission charged. Goods bought at lowest possible prices. Business of any kind whatever attended to with care. Merchants and traders write for further information.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

HARMONY AND ARRANGING TAUGHT BY Mail. Pupils rapidly advanced. Music arranged for Piano, Orchestra, band or piano compositions revised and corrected for publication. H. O. Walker, Congers, Rockland Co., N. Y.

TYPEWRITERS

THE EMPIRE, CANADA'S STANDARD TYPEWRITER; price $60; machines to rent; repairing, Aikens and Pepler, agents, 219 McDermott avenue, Winnipeg.

The Keeley Treatment
FOR LIQUOR USING AND NERVOUSNESS.

Administered at the Institute only. Safe, sane, scientific. 30th year of success. No sickness; no suffering. Write for facts. Consultation free and strictly confidential. Address

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE.
676 Jessie Avenue, Fort Rouge, Winnipeg.

TATTOOING

Highest-Class Artistic Electric TATTOOING
Unique designs in all colors by
ALFRED SOUTH, Tattoo Artist
31 Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square
London, S. W., England
(next the War Office and opposite the Admiralty)
Estab. 1897
Clients, up to date, over 18,000.
Crude work obliterated with artistic designs.
Moderate charges.
Complete Tattoo Outfits For Sale.
Telegraphic address: "Tattooing, London."

The Country Home in Early Fall

The quickly obtainable heat that the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater gives is nowhere more gratifying than in the home in the country after an overnight drop in the mercury. There is no need to start a furnace or stove, as very likely the next day will be warm. Thousands of housekeepers know what to do. They just get out their Perfection Oil Heater, strike a match, and in a few minutes they have raised the temperature of the dining-room or living-room to just the degree of warmth they desire.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

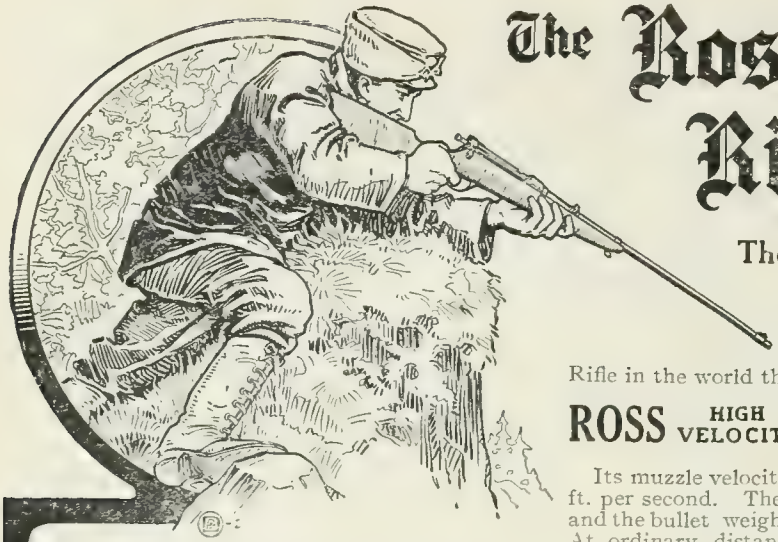
This heater has an **automatic-locking flame spreader,** which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, because of a new device in construction, and can always be easily unscrewed for rewicking.

An indicator shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not need to be screwed down, but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached to the font by a chain. Finished in japan or nickel, strong and durable; well made; built for service, and yet light and ornamental. It has a cool handle and a damper top.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

QUEEN CITY OIL CO., LIMITED

Or The Imperial Oil Co., Limited.



The Ross Rifle

The Best Big Game Rifle

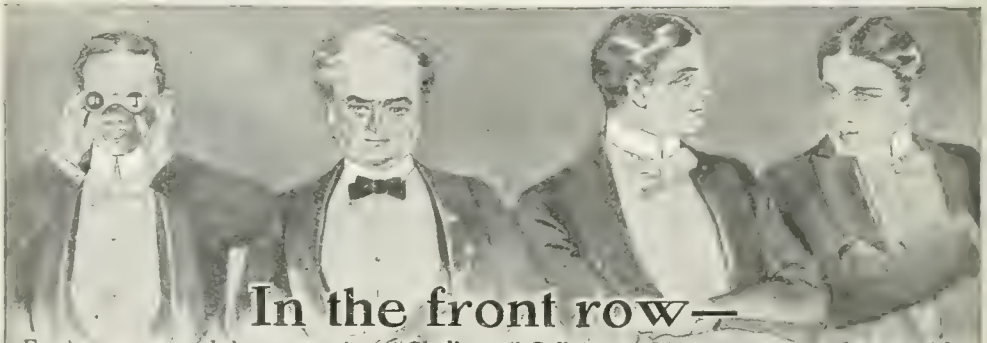
To stop big game there is no better Rifle in the world than the

ROSS HIGH VELOCITY RIFLE

Its muzzle velocity is over 3000 ft. per second. The bore is 280, and the bullet weights 140 grains. At ordinary distances it shoots point blank, and it anchors any game it hits. The price is **$70.00**—Ask your retailer to show you one—Other models from **$25.00**.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free on application.

THE ROSS RIFLE CO. · · QUEBEC, P.Q.



In the front row—

For important and dress occasions "Challenge" Collars combine extreme good taste with solid comfort—give that easy, natural appearance so characteristic of particular dressers.

FIT SNUGLY

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF

LOOK LIKE LINEN

COLLARS & CUFFS

You can't tell them from linen. They are made in the latest, most fashionable models; have the dressy look and dull finish of the best Irish linen, and cannot wilt, no matter how warm you get. You save laundry expense and annoyance—a rub from a wet cloth and the "Challenge" Collar is as good as new.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand, send us 25c., stating size and style of collar you desire, or 50c. per pair for cuffs, and we will supply you. Send to-day for our new style book—"Hints for Careful Dressers."

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 54-64 Fraser Avenue, TORONTO, CANADA

FEDERAL LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE. HAMILTON CANADA.

The Wise Man's "Anchor"

FOR FUTURE HAPPINESS.

IS A POLICY OF
LIFE ASSURANCE
IN A STRONG AND CAREFULLY MANAGED COMPANY.

Costume (as illustration) made to order in "Wellesley" Royal Serge, an excellent Autumn Fabric, for $15.95. In navy, black and colours.

HIGH-CLASS TAILORING

For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children

We have a large number of patrons in Canada who have a very high opinion of our "Tailoring," and who have expressed their great satisfaction with the Fit, Style and Workmanship of our garments.

For example: Mr. G. H. writes: "*The Suit arrived safely, and, like the previous one, is excellent in every respect. Thank you for prompt attention.*" *Cypress River, July 30th, '10.*

THE HALL MARK

Egerton Burnett's Royal E B Serges REG.

OF SUPERIORITY

Costumes, Suits, Overcoats, etc., are made expressly to order, and Samples, Price Lists, Measurement Blanks, Style Plates, etc., are mailed to any address, post-paid.

Our Pure Wool Royal Serge is a fabric with 35 years' reputation for Strength, Durability and lasting Good Appearance. It is especiall suitable for Autumn Clothing, as it imparts warmth to the wearer and also affords good protection.

Prices from 49 cents per yard, in Navy, Black, Cream and various colours.

ROYAL WEST OF ENGLAND BLANKETS

Pure Wool. As supplied to H. M. Queen Alexandra.
Single-bed size, 2¼ x 1¾ yards at $3.65; Double-bed sizes, 2¼ x 2 yards at $4.85; 2¾ x 2¼ yards at $6.30; 3 x 2½ yards at $8.30 per pair.

Samples may be obtained from

J. J. GIBBONS, Ltd., 119 West Wellington St., Toronto, or from

EGERTON BURNETT, LTD.

C. W. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, England

"More Sonnets of an Office Boy"

By SAMUEL E. KISER

Price, - - 75c

Vanderhoof-Gunn Co., Ltd.

Publishers

WINNIPEG, MAN.

The
ROTARY LAWN
CLOTHES DRYER
—the most compact, complete and convenient clothes dryer on the market
Reel Lifts off Here
150 feet of clothes-line—all in one spot. Every line within easy reach. Lines always clean.
Light enough for any woman to set up or take down and put away in two minutes. You certainly ought to have one for your yard.
If your dealer does not handle it, write us for information
Cummer-Dowswell Ltd, Hamilton, Ont.

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP

THIS SHEEP TRADE MARK
IS ON EVERY GARMENT OF
"CEETEE"
UNDERWEAR

TUXEDO COFFEE

A DELICIOUS BLEND OF JAVA AND MOCHA

Coffee Comfort in Every Cup

Smooth and Fragrant
Generous Flavor
Mellow, Fine and
Satisfying

Packed in 1, 2 and 25 lb. Tins

GEORGESON & Co LTD. CALGARY, ALTA.

WALL PLASTER

PLASTER BOARD

The Lath that will not Buckle

With one coat of Wood Fibre or Hardwall and finished with "Empire" will make that new house habitable this coming winter

"EMPIRE" WOOD FIBRE PLASTER
"EMPIRE" CEMENT WALL PLASTER
"EMPIRE" FINISH PLASTER
GOLD DUST FINISH PLASTER
PLASTER BOARD—THE COMBINATION LATH

Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Put Your Feet in a Pair at Our Risk

STEEL SHOES

WILL SURPRISE AND DELIGHT YOU WITH THEIR LIGHTNESS, NEATNESS AND COMFORT—THEIR ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE DURABILITY.

We want you to slip your feet into a pair of Steel Shoes—to **feel** and **see** and **know** how much **lighter, neater, stronger, more comfortable** they are than any other work shoes in existence. Hence we are making this special **Free Examination Offer,** merely asking a deposit of the price, while you are "sizing up" the shoes. If they fail to convince you **immediately** you can notify us to send for them at our expense and we will refund your money.

Must Sell Themselves

We ask no favors for Steel Shoes. Compare them with the best all leather work shoes you can find.

Give them the most rigid inspection, **inside and out.**

Let them tell their own story. It's **no sale** unless, of your own accord, you decide that you **must have them.**

Better Than the Best All-Leather Work Shoes

Steel Shoes are the strongest and easiest working shoes made.

There's more good wear in **one pair** of Steel Shoes than in **three to six pairs** of the best all-leather work shoes. The leather is waterproof. The Steel Soles are **wearproof** and **rust-resisting.**

They are **lighter** than all-leather work shoes.

Need no breaking in. Comfortable from the first moment you put them on.

Impossible to get out of shape. They keep the feet dry. They retain their flexibility in spite of mud, slush or water. They cure corns and bunions, prevent colds and rheumatism—save doctors' bills and medicine.

Thousands of Farmers Shout Their Praises

The enthusiasm of users knows no bounds. People can't say enough for their comfort, economy, lightness and astonishing durability. The introduction of Steel Shoes in a neighborhood always arouses such interest that an avalanche of orders follows.

Here is the way Steel Shoes are made. The uppers are made of a superior quality of leather, **as waterproof as leather can be tanned.** Wonderfully soft and pliable—**never gets stiff!** The soles and sides are made out of one piece of special light, thin, springy, rust-resisting Steel. Soles and heels are studded with adjustable Steel Rivets, which prevent the bottoms from wearing out. Rivets easily replaced when partly worn. Fifty extra rivets cost only 30 cents, and should keep the shoes in good repair for at least two years! No other repairs ever needed! The uppers are tightly joined to the steel by small rivets of rust-resisting metal, so that no water can get between.

The soles are lined with soft, springy, comfortable Hair Cushions, which absorb perspiration and odors and add to ease of walking.

Overwhelmed by the World-Wide Demand

The success of Steel Shoes is almost startling. Within three years we have established Steel Shoe factories in Racine, Wis., Toronto, Canada, and Northampton, England. These great factories, running at full capacity, can scarcely keep up with the demand from all over the world. The public is rapidly learning that Steel Shoes are

Good for the Feet! Good for the Health! Good for the Bank Account!

These shoes are better for the feet, better for the health, better for the pocketbook, than heavy work shoes or rubber boots.

You Actually Save $5 to $10 a Year

by wearing Steel Shoes. Figure it out for yourself. One pair will outlast 3 to 6 pairs of ordinary work shoes. They save all repair bills and keep your feet in perfect condition.

FREE!

Send for Book, **"The Sole of Steel,"** or order Steel Shoes direct from this ad.

For Men—Sizes 5 to 12

6, 9, 12 and 16 Inches High

Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, $2.50 per pair.

Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, better grade of leather, $3.00 per pair.

Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, $3.50 per pair.

Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, $4.00 per pair.

Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, $5.00 per pair.

Steel Shoes, 12 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, $6.00 per pair.

Steel Shoes, 16 inches high, extra grade of leather, black or tan color, $7.00 per pair.

For Boys—Sizes 1 to 5

Boys' Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, $2.50 per pair.

Boys' Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, extra grade of leather, **black or tan color,** $3.50 per pair.

Free Examination

And Your Money Back Promptly if it Looks Better Than the Shoes!

You owe it to yourself to investigate. Get a pair of Steel Shoes for Free Examination by sending the price, which will be returned if you and **your own feet** are not convinced of their merits.

Why Wait? Send Now!

No risk! No bother! No obligation! Don't hesitate! Act while this offer is open! Simply state size of shoe you wear, enclose the price and get the shoes for Free Examination.

For **general field work** we strongly recommend our 6-inch high Steel Shoes at $3.50 per pair or the 9-inch at $5.00 per pair. For all classes of use requiring high-cut shoes our 12 or 16-inch high Steel Shoes are absolutely indispensable.

Main Factory, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Great Britain Factory, Northampton, England.

N. M. RUTHSTEIN
Sec. and Treas.

STEEL SHOE CO., Dept. 469, Toronto, Can.

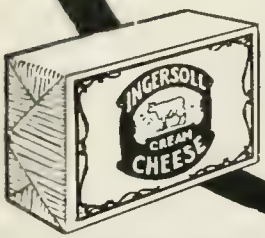
INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides, there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price. Never becomes Hard. Every particle can be consumed.

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks. **For sale by all grocers.**

MANUFACTURED BY



THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO., Limited
INGERSOLL, ONTARIO, CANADA.

MASON & HICKEY
AGENTS, WINNIPEG, MAN.

One Third Of Your Life

is spent in sleep—
Spend it on an

OSTERMOOR

Mattress $15. Satisfaction Guaranteed

Eight hours of *restful* Ostermoor sleep gives sixteen *good* hours for work or play—but be sure you get the Ostermoor—the *genuine*, which must bear our name and trade-mark label.

The Ostermoor remains supremely comfortable for a *lifetime*—never needs remaking or renovating—an *occasional sun-bath* keeps it always pure and sweet.

It will not lump or bump because it is *built—not stuffed* like mattresses of hair. It is clean and is the *modern* sanitary bed.

SEND FOR SAMPLES OF TICKING WITH OUR BOOKLET

with full details of our offer to ship you a full size mattress, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 3 in. long, weight, 45 lbs., direct, by express, prepaid, the day your check is received. Made in two parts, 50 cents extra. Smaller sizes, smaller prices. Refuse substitutes everywhere offered—the Ostermoor trade-mark is sewn on the end of the genuine. We will tell you if the Ostermoor is sold in your town.

Our Book, "Church Cushions" sent on special request.

THE ALASKA BEDDING COMPANY, Limited,
Point Douglas Ave., Winnipeg.

"I, JOHN BARON DO TELL MY OWN
STORY . . .
EN MY LIFE
AND MADE ME DESO
MEN AS THE PELI
DERNESS —
FORTH AS
AS I MAY

Accompanying "The Return of the Were-wolf." —See page 413

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VIII. LONDON, OCTOBER, 1910 NUMBER 6

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SILENCE

BY GEORGINA NEWHALL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN seeking information regarding the Trappist Monasteries of America, the writer was humorously reminded of that first scene in "The White Company," in which Brother John is accused by two of his fellow monks of having carried a woman across the ford.

"And the woman?" asked the Abbot. "Did she not break into lamentations that a brother should so demean himself?"

The complaining witness replied, "Nay, she smiled sweetly upon him and thanked him. I can vouch it and so can Brother Porphyry."

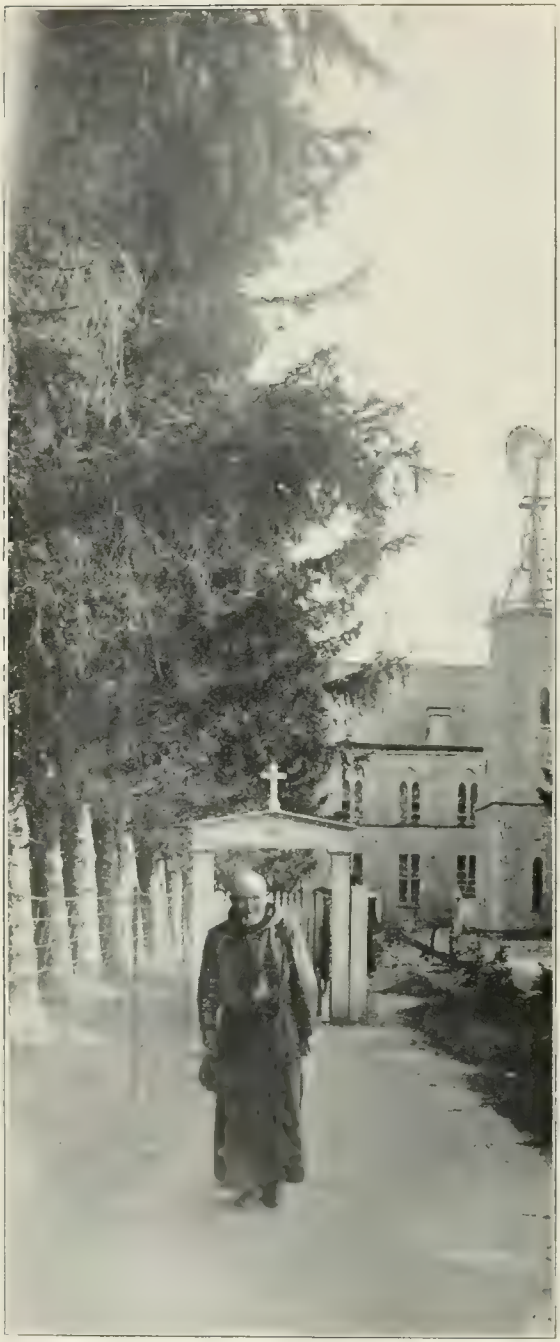
"Canst thou?" cried the Abbot, in a high, tempestuous voice. "Canst thou so? Hast forgotten that the five and-thirtieth rule of the order is that in the presence of a woman the face should be averted and the eyes cast down? Hast forgot it, I say? If your eyes were upon your sandals how came ye to see this smile of which ye prate?"

Whether because some of the good brothers adhere religiously to the five-and-thirtieth rule, or because occasionally the community is composed entirely of foreigners who do not understand the enquiries, information secured with little difficulty in some institutions was sought for in vain at others.

There are at present four important Monasteries firmly established in America,—one in Kentucky, one in Nova Scotia, one in Iowa, and another in the Province of Quebec. The heads of most of these are Abbots with the right to wear a mitre. There are various offshoots, mostly from the Monastery in Quebec; one in Rhode Island, one west of Winnipeg, and another in Oregon.

At Gethsemani, in Kentucky, the Brotherhood is made up almost equally of foreigners and Americans, about seventy-six in all. The present building, surrounding which is something like 1,600 acres of land, was erected in 1866. The Right Reverend Edward Mary Obrecht is Abbot. Gethsemani is in Nelson County on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

The founder of Petit Clairvaux in Nova Scotia was Father Vincent de Paul, who came from Lyons in France to the United States. In 1815 he bought land in Nova Scotia, and after a visit to France, returned in 1824 with Father Francis, a native of Freiburg, and three lay brothers. This was numerically the first Monastery of Petit Clairvaux. The first Abbot was Father Dominic. The present head is Father Eugenius, but his rank is only



THERE IS AN OLD-WORLD FLAVOR ABOUT THE MONASTERY—
INSTINCTIVELY VOICES ARE LOWERED AND
FOOTFALLS HUSHED BENEATH ITS
SHADOWY SPRUCES

that of Prior. During the incumbency of Father Dominic the monastery was destroyed by fire. An effort was made to rebuild on a large scale, but funds come in slowly and the building is only nearing completion. In the meantime a colony of Belgians came out, a few native Nova Scotians joined and the colony was swelled to a membership of forty. These, however, followed Father Murphy, a native of Montreal, who was for a time at the head of affairs, and emigrated to Rhode Island. These Belgians were good farmers and put the land in excellent order. The community of Frenchmen now occupying Petit Clairvaux devote themselves exclusively to gardening and vine cultivation. They hold, or rather the Bishop of the Diocese holds, three hundred acres in trust for the community. "I write" says Father Eugenius in apologizing for the small amount of information given, "English as only a Spaniard can," and concludes, "they will be content to live and die among this sympathetic people." They raise some cattle and have a grist-mill and a saw-mill. Tracadie, where the Monastery is situated, is twenty miles from Antigonish, on the Intercolonial Railroad, and the scenery surrounding the Monastery is of the most exquisitely pastoral character.

A third establishment is at New Melleray, twelve miles by wagon road from Dubuque, Iowa. This community originally intended to locate in the vicinity of Kingston, Ontario. A certain number of their leaders visited Kingston years ago on the invitation of Archbishop Phelan to inspect the available lands. Owing to the low, marshy character of the proffered domain the leader of the party went down, while there, with malarial fever. This, combined with the presence of vast hordes of that insidious insect, the mosquito, or "bloodsuckers" (as they

are described in the records of the Community), discouraged the Brothers, who sought more alluring scenes in Iowa. The first roof under which this Community assembled was that of a shanty, the dimensions of which were ten by fourteen. To-day New Melleray is a massive structure, built in twelfth century style, of limestone quarried on its own grounds. It is modelled after Mellifont, an ancient Irish Monastery. When completed, it will be like most old ecclesiastical structures, in the form of a quadrangle, and rank as one of the most beautiful monastic properties in the world. In point of productiveness and scenery the 2,700 acres surrounding the abbey can scarcely be surpassed. This vast acreage is farmed for the benefit of the community; for the Trappists, as they announced when they first sought land in America, come here not as missionaries but as farmers. They own about three hundred head of cattle and one hundred horses, five hundred hogs and an equal number of sheep. They milk forty cows a day. Nothing is sold, however, but hogs, cattle and wool.

One learns with pleasure of the sheep shearing, for it is one of the picturesque occupations which Conan Doyle has led us to expect of the life monastic, but alas! the medieval atmosphere with which one would fain surround this modern structure is dispelled by the knowledge that twenty-five laborers are employed by the Brotherhood. Great barns bulge with the fruits of the soil, nor is the wine cellar a 'mere sham, for an expert brother manufactures even that seductive fluid which "biteth like an adder."

The Brotherhood of New Melleray is almost exclusively Irish. There are two Germans in a Community of forty. Years ago there were ninety in all, but though they live to a good old age, the Great Reaper has not passed them by, and they receive few recruits, though quite recently a young but well-known

" . . Brief, they made a monk of me;
I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
Palace, farm, villa, shop and banking-house,
Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici
Have given their hearts to . . "

writer on one of the Chicago papers entered their ranks. The common impression as to the harshness of their life, and that stern rule which demands that they arise at two in the morning act as deterrents.

The Abbot, Father Alberic, is a venerable Irishman of fine presence, who has spent almost his entire life in a monastery. He is a good business man, a great reader and is thoroughly conversant with all that is transpiring in the world.

"Some day," says Father Sheehan, author of "Under the Cedars and the Stars," "a tired world will demand monasticism as a luxury or necessity." When that time comes, if it be not already here, the writer can imagine few more beautiful places to which the curious or the wistful might turn their steps for a season of rest and meditation than L'Abbaye de Notre Dame du Lac situated overlooking the Lake of Two Mountains in the Province of Quebec. Years ago the writer, along with several others, drove from Vaudreuil, a village on the Grand Trunk Railway, along the winding road which follows the course of the Ottawa River, to Como, and, crossing the wide, swift current at this place, set out to picnic at the summit of one of the two mountains. Leaving the then uninviting village of Oka, which was at that time a sandy desert, these light-hearted tourists followed the grassy road which wound upward, at intervals stopping to peep into tiny wayside chapels—mere caskets—in which the treasure was a rude carving or painting of some saint. Scarlet columbine and fragrant meadowsweet sprang temptingly by the roadside, wild purple clematis trailed over rocky excrescences and at the very summit a small pond helped to make a captivating picnic ground. Below, losing itself in the haze of a midsummer day, the river, broadening here into the Lake of Two Mountains, lay like a mirror, giving no hint of that underforce which carries it swiftly to the marts of empire. An occasional splash, with a cascade of glittering drops, proclaimed the presence of some sportive fish. With this exception only the gay young voices of the tourists broke the wooded silence. Who, on such a day, in such a scene, in such a group, whispered "memento mori"? Yet as early as 1881 a party of Trappist monks had established a house at Two Mountains—a little four-roomed house, three of the rooms being bedroom or sacristy, as necessity demanded, and the fourth kitchen, diningroom, laboratory, lecture room, etc. By 1888 three hundred acres of ground had been cleared and a dairy had been established from which the surrounding country benefitted, not only by the sale of milk, but by lessons learned from the scientific methods of the Brotherhood. In time a fine edifice displaced the four-roomed cottage, and in 1893 a school of agriculture in connection with the abbey was subsidized by the government of Quebec Province. On the twenty-third of July, 1902, this fine building was destroyed by fire. To-day a magnificent structure, beautiful but austere in style, the embodiment of all that is ideal in the traditions of the Cistercians, nestles between the hills,—a picturesque incident in a panorama which rivals the scenery of the far-famed Hudson. The Community itself has increased to more than one hundred, apart from the Juvenists who are studying here, and preparing themselves to join when they are of age. The Abbot, who was elected in 1892, is Right Reverend Dom Antoine Oger, a man of impressive personality, with the beard of a patriarch and the eyes of a mystic. Yet far-seeing and idealistic as these eyes may be, they have in no wise overlooked that immediate perspective in which are found temporal advantages. His associates speak enthusiastically of his executive ability, and are fain to believe that a special intervention of Providence brought about his election to office. A sawmill, a wine called Oka wine, a secret process cheese—Oka cheese—are commercial ventures which prove that the ordinary monk adds to his ability as a farmer an aptitude for business. But it is through its fine school of agriculture that this monastery most appeals to Canadians of whatever faith. This school is now affiliated with Laval University, Mont-

THE MONASTERY OF NEW MELLERAY LIES QUIETLY A-DREAM AMONG ITS SUNLIT FIELDS

A CORNER OF THE MONASTERY GROUNDS

"Not God in gardens?—when the eve is cool?—
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine!"

real, and all branches of agriculture are taught to an ever increasing number of students of varying creeds. The dairy herd of one hundred choice cattle—Ayrshires—is kept in the trimmest and most hygienic of stables. The horticultural department, at the head of which is an expert from France, Professor Reynaud, is already well known as a supply station for high grade hardy nursery stock. The monks have acclimated many fruits—especially apples, from France, Russia and other countries. There are twenty-five acres of apple trees in full bearing; ten acres of grapes, as well as other fruits, and garden truck. One Brother has a ginseng patch, the plants plucked from their wilder environment among the hills. Montreal pays fancy prices for Oka chickens, capons and eggs, the Windsor Hotel being a notable customer. Only the most modern methods prevail in the handling of poultry and the result is a thriving business which disposes of about 3,000 birds a year.

To those familiar with the farm methods and the complete stagnation of the French Canadian farmer of twenty-five years ago, with his single ever-recurring and land exhausting crop—the value of such an institution must be immediately apparent. Even those bigoted people who regard monastic institutions as pernicious growths, useless if not absolutely harmful, must admit that in no way could the French Canadian have been so advantageously approached as by an alluring combination of science and religion. Hard-working, painstaking and weather-beaten, the monk is a perpetual reproach to the *laissez-faire* methods of the unprogressive.

The life in these monasteries is but the simple life reduced to a system. Sometimes priests of other orders are sent here to be disciplined for offenses by enduring for certain limited periods the asperities of the Trappist Communities. With but slight variation all of these establishments are governed by the same rules. The monks retire at seven-thirty in the winter and at eight in the summer. They occupy themselves in recitation and meditation in the chapel until seven forty-five. High Mass is then celebrated and manual labor follows. Half an hour of recitation of office and examen of

THE TRAPPISTS ARE PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURISTS, AND HAVE PASSED ON TO THE HABITANT FARMERS OF EASTERN CANADA MUCH OF THEIR OWN SKILL

WHAT HEARTS BEAT UNDER THOSE MEDIAEVAL HABITS, WHAT PASSIONS, LONGINGS, DREAMS LIE HIDDEN BENEATH THOSE SILENT FACES?

conscience precedes their sole meal at two ten. This meal breaks a long fast of twenty-four hours. Perpetual silence is prescribed. The food is good, clean, substantial and in abundance. An international committee of doctors which visited the monastery at Orne, in Brittany, a few years ago obtained exact information on the monks' way of living and all the members expressed their surprise at the perfect state of health in which they found the brothers and at the average age which the monks attained. This was ascribed to the vegetarian diet, regular habits and hard work. No doubt variety of occupation, moderation in eating and drinking, and the absence of all worry as to the morrow lengthens their days. Already the potent air of America, which has acted as a disintegrant to a greater or less extent on every close community which has set foot upon these shores, has begun to soften much that was repellant in the rules of La Trappe. For instance, it is not very long since the privilege of photographing even exterior views was denied; now the Knight of the Camera, who in this day replaces the Sir Nigels and Sir Bertrams of the Clinking Armor, is occasionally permitted to carry away views even of interiors. When asked if they still dug their own graves, the question was laughed at as being founded on what they call a Munchausen story. Hospitality has always been a virtue of the Trappists and as at El Largani, the monastery of Hichens' famous story, one of the brothers is appointed Guest Master. A comfortable Guest House exists at L'Abbaye Notre Dame du Lac where board may be obtained for small remuneration, a reasonable compliance with the less oppressive rules of the institution being all that is asked.

A golden silence is the rule of all Trappist communities. Yet even there the rule admits of exceptions. The Trappist is permitted to speak to his superiors and to the director of his conscience, but without express permission he does not speak to any other. Where two or three are working together they communicate only by signs. When these are not understood

they occasionally obtain permission to vocalize, but for the most part the overseer of employment alone voices such directions as are necessary to the work. In defence of this rule of perpetual silence De Rance has said: "Silence is communication with the Divine; it is the language of angels, the eloquence of Heaven. In a word, peace and grace are found in the seclusion of a well preserved silence."

It is to De Rance that La Trappe owes its present reputation for religious zeal. For, one hates to write it, there was a time when people spoke of the "Brigands of La Trappe". The Abbey Notre Dame de la Maison Dieu de la Trappe was founded in 1140 at Soligny La Trappe, a village of Haut-Perche, in the arondissement of Montagne, department of the Orne, France. Entrance to this village was obtained through a narrow gorge comparable to a trap door; hence the name. La Trappe was an offshoot of the Cistercian order. The rapid accumulation of wealth by monastic houses in mediæval times and the fact that the clergy were beyond the jurisdiction of the secular courts resulted in the swift fall of both these orders from their original high ideals and spiritual altitude. La Trappe, moreover, was geographically so situated as to bear the brunt of many of those wars which raged for supremacy in the French provinces. Again and again was the monastery pillaged, and the monks dispersed by that motley rabble which in those days formed an invading army. What wonder that their discipline relaxed and their traditions disappeared; or that within their sacred walls the questionable morality of those to whom they often played the part of unwilling hosts soon found a footing. Indeed so gay amid this changeful environment became the monks of La Trappe that they eventually sought the shelter of its walls for hunting parties and purposes of amusement only. Even in a time when morality was not a necessary characteristic of a right gallant and courteous gentleman, their conduct became a public scandal. Beside the whirl of warfare and the instability of kings another cause of moral laxity was a system by which secular appointees were permitted to enjoy monastic benefices without residence and without conformity to the rules of the institutions in which they ranked as heads. The injury to these orders, therefore, was not only a spiritual one; ruined buildings and impoverished estates were the more material results of neglect and debauchery.

By this system of secular appointments it was possible for Armand Jean Bouthillier de Rance to be, at the age of eleven, Canon of Notre Dame de Paris, Abbot of La Trappe, Prior of Boulogne, and a dignitary of many other religious orders. He was a member of a noble family, the great Richelieu himself being one of his sponsors.

As a young man he fell easily into the dissipations of the times, leading a very irregular life. His ordination as a priest in 1661 brought no alterations in his habits; in 1662 he stood at the head of the list of those who passed as Bachelors of Theology, but he never pretended to discharge the duties of his various offices. It was said to be the shock resulting from the sudden death of the Duchess of Mont-Bazon, with whom his name had been connected, which changed his views of life and duty. De Rance retired from the world and after a few years of solitary study resigned his various honors and disposed of his property for the benefit of the poor. A small sum was retained for the repair of Boulogne and La Trappe. He afterwards visited La Trappe and induced those monks who were hostile to his reforms to retire on pensions. These were replaced by monks of the strict Cistercian observance. In the end he entered upon a monastic life, becoming the actual head of the Abbey of which for thirty years he had been nominally Abbot. But as the reformed rake is said to make the best husband, so in embracing religion De Rance found even the strict Cistercian ideas too lax for the adequate expression of devotion and contrition. He added to their protracted fasts the rule of total abstinence from flesh meat, fish, eggs and wine; he prescribed laborious manual occupa-

THE RIGHT REVEREND DOM ANTOINE OGER, ABBOTT OF L'ABBAYE DE NOTRE DAME DU LAC

tions, hard beds, and the obligation of perpetual silence except at prayers, to which eleven hours are devoted. To him is due the salutation "memento mori" (remember death), with which priests of this order greet each other, and he it was who ordained that every monk should spend some time each evening digging his own grave, and should sleep on straw in his coffin for a bed.

These austerities were cheerfully accepted by the monks of La Trappe. De Rance had gathered about him three hundred ascetics—French, Belgians, Italians, and Irishmen, among them a goodly number of soldiers, for, strange to say, La Trappe has always seemed equally alluring to officer or private of the armies of the world. There was, perhaps, something which suggested soldierliness in their discipline. It may have seemed but a change in the commanding officer and the line of march; certainly mortality at that time among the Trappists

ranked almost as high as that of the battlefields, from lack of nutrition it was said. De Rance died September twentieth, 1709, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a man of rare ability and scholarship, and to him is due the credit of restoring La Trappe to the religious plane which she had originally occupied. In fact, when the suppression of all monastic societies in France was demanded, at the time of the French Revolution, the high character which La Trappe had won seemed likely to make it exempt from the common fate. Great efforts were made in its behalf, but in 1772 all the movable goods of the monastery were seized and the monks were dispersed.

An off-shoot from La Trappe had been already planted at Buon Solazzo near Florence and various groups now wandered forth to found colonies in Spain, Germany, England and Canada, impelled by the same lash, religious persecution, as had made wanderers of the Puritans.

They grew and strengthened, and in 1802 replanted in France two new houses. Owing to a controversy in which the Pope decided against him Napoleon revenged himself by once more expelling them from France. With the downfall of Napoleon these irrepressible men returned, and La Trappe was again the Mother House with fifteen other monasteries scattered over Europe, Great Britain, the United States and Canada. They now number about three thousand members of both sexes, but since 1870 they have no legal existence in Italy or Switzerland, and recent events in France have imperiled their tenure in that country.

Hichens, in that wonderful book, "The Garden of Allah," as well as in his short story "The Face of the Monk," pictures the miniature world of the monastery one of tumult, jealousies and mental conflict, in which the imprisoned soul realizes that temptation evaded is not really virtue triumphant. Charmingly as Mr. Hichens writes, he is, perhaps, no more accurate in his analysis of monasticism than he is in his portrayal of the wife and mother.

"But the wonder," says Ruskin, "is always to me, not how much, but how little, the monks have on the whole done, with all that leisure and all that good will." And in return Sheehan says, "He cannot understand—that is all . . . . . He knows nothing of the invisible worth of prayer. He has painted, as no one else except perhaps Carlyle could, the abominations of modern life, and he has flung all the strength of his righteous anger against them. He has never asked himself why God is so patient, whilst John Ruskin rages . . . . . He never saw the anger of the Most High soothed and His hand stayed by the midnight prayer and scourge of the Trappist and Carthusian. Dante could never have written the Paradiso if he had not heard Cistercians chanting at midnight!"

This is food for the controversial From a lighter and no doubt purely womanish standpoint the vow of perpetual silence imposed on all but the Abbot, must, one would fancy, press with particular severity upon a community of Irishmen, so keen to see a joke, so bubbling with mirth, so apt in repartee. How maddening to look soberly at one's sandals while internally convulsed! to listen to the fumbling of slow minds when one could, hammerlike, hit the nail on the head with a word! to feel that to scintillate in speech for just one moment would be worth a whole cycle of an ever-so-golden silence, —or to realize that mirth, after all, may be the miracle which changes the most insipid draught of life from water into wine.

The RETURN of the WEREWOLF

by Edwin Balmer

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

"I JOHN BARON, do tell my own story. Though it must deal with that which began in the dark centuries before my birth and which, by the grace of God, will end with my death, it is not a long tale or one which requires art in the telling. That which may seem most unreal, overdrawn or dramatic, that which in garbled newspaper accounts dumfounded the incredulous and terrified the superstitious, that which has broken my life at its thirtieth year and made me as desolate among men as the pelican in the wilderness—that I shall set forth as clearly and calmly as I may.

"The frantic fortunes which can crucify logic and reason upon the crosses of the occult and which can drag from the dreams and superstitions of the middle ages, a weird, unreal reality and make it to stalk abroad in mock of the enlightenment of the twentieth century—those fortunes, I say, are mine. I have heard some say that I am mad, and that a record of the psychic phenomena induced in my case will be new and interesting to the world of science. Others who know a part of my story and have seen some proof of its truth, shrug their shoulders and smile with the fearful incredulity of him who laughs at superstition but eats, with poor grace and worse appetite, the meal which twelve others share. There are those, of course, who believe me no better than a murderer, a wife-slayer who used my wealth and my family influence to save my neck from the rope. These imagine, indeed, that to play upon the fears and dreads inherent in man, I contrived my strange story and prolonged my stranger existence to give it credence.

"But let me now no longer speak, like a chorus before the old plays, in sounding lines of promise, lest Death who shall whisper my epilogue cut short my lines with his scythe. I cannot pray for life. Instead I entreat only that I, as I complete the requirement of fate, salute thee with true words. Through the moonlight I gaze toward the grave where the great stone image of the werewolf snarls as it keeps its watch. For

The were-wolf stalks o'er the graves of the dead,
O'er the dead who have heard his call;
Though their bodies rot and their souls are fled
Still its ghost shall haunt them all.
So beware of the beast without a tail,
And the woman without a soul;
Or thrice shall rise the deathly wail,
Thrice shall fall the fatal flail,
Thrice the dirge shall toll.

"It was not a pretty rhyme for a child to learn, yet among my earliest recollections are those strange, rhythmical lines murmured in a sing-song undertone by old Norna, my nurse. Had my mother been in society less and in the nursery more, it is likely that she would have cut short many of the weird folk-lore verses and stories which Norna repeated from the traditional superstitions of the Scotch-English.

But as it was, I learned curses and incantations as other children learned Humpty-Dumpty; and as their ears were filled with the story of Red-Riding Hood, so mine were sated by tales of the man-wolf. When other children, therefore, were tormented by their saner dreams, what wonder was it that I, glutted with the worst imaginings and most persistent fears of the past, became a victim persecuted by the creatures of my own ill-stimulated fancy?

"It was always the wolf—the great tailless beast, the ghostly werewolf of the rhyme. Yes, it was always that. The witches, the banshees, the other ghosts and the other phantoms claimed but passing attention from the terrified wonder of my mind. It was always the wolf in the strangely created fancies of the day and in the awful dreams of the night. And then, when the fevers of my mind descended into my body, I burnt in a strange Hell until I fell into that sleep during which all but the werewolf deserted me. Yet at last the wolf called less loudly in my ears and left me a while in peace. I awoke. Norna with her weird tales and mumbled rhymes was gone. The man-wolf—it, too, was gone. It had enslaved the child too easily and stayed its return till the man should attempt to break the werewolf's bonds.

"It came again with what was then the joy of my life. Is she not so still? My heart, I have asked myself that question a thousand times. Who was she and what had she to do with the phantoms of that beast? I can not think or reason. My mind is but a mop which sweeps over the rough surface of my experience gathering up those things which I wring out upon this paper.

"Hers was the greatest beauty I had ever seen. She—but should I assume to describe her? The words which poets have created and blended together to form the fairest image of the mind, could I employ them, would become but empty and idle things. I was mad then—as I am mad to-night—with the madness of that love which makes things sane seem foolish and trivial. Did I ask who she was or what she had been? Does the man who finds a pearl question from what disease of what foul mollusk its beauty was brought forth? We both were young. Our happiness was no recollection of the past and no hope of the future. The hours when we two were together, in their completeness, cared not what had been or might be. So, permitting no doubt of the past and no fear for the future, while youth and beauty yet were hers, she became, one day, my wife.

"That night I killed her. The wind sweeping over her grave blows cool through the open window. It chills the fevers of my thoughts which mount and would break the vessels of my brain as I dwell upon that, our wedding night.

"I killed her; but no, no—it was not she. And yet,—and yet—

"I slept but lightly, and she beside me. What were the angels and ministers of grace that they grudged us their defense that night? From a tower nearby a bell boomed the midnight twelve. My eyes were opened; I turned and saw—the wolf, my God, the wolf. Not my wife, I say, for in her place the wolf stretched and snarled. It half arose. Had it destroyed her? For all the mark that she had left, she never had been there. But in her place the wolf arose; its eyes, green with cruelty, met mine. Its dripping jaws parted but as they snapped chance armed me. The pistol, which lay beside the bed, was in my hand. I shot and saw the bullet strike. I saw, I heard it crash into that cunning brain but as it crashed a cry, a swelling human howl, a beastly wail of woman's anguish smote louder on my ears. I beat aside the smoke and as I stared, I saw my wife once more. My wife? Her corpse, instead, shot as I had shot the wolf and stained with blood where the wolf had bled.

"Thou, my hand, stay from that purgatory of my mind into which I now would plunge you. Thou knowest thyself as but the amanuensis of the brain. Would'st thou write of that of which thy master would not think?

"WHO WAS SHE, AND WHAT HAD SHE TO DO WITH THE PHANTOMS OF THAT BEAST?

Across the water I sought oblivion and found—but come away with me.

* * * * * * *

"A year is past. I have returned to the lands of my fathers and seek refuge in their books. I wander alone in the wood. There is bronze upon the Scottish ground, gold upon the Scottish forest trees, and in the shining silver of the Scottish sky Nature sets her gems and summons the Night to burnish them. Darkness comes and with its dusky diadem crowns me king of the realms beyond the lands of speculation. Unto those provinces my thought fugitive from the were-wolf, begins to fly.

"I stumble in the darkening wood. I cry aloud. I fall. I stagger forward again. I beat my eyes and call them fools and knaves and traitors; for I see the wolf—no phantom wolf, no false creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain—but the wolf, the were-wolf stands before me. I screech again in desperation and rush to grapple it when lo—my arms clasp but an image which bruises my hands as they strike it; yet in my frenzy I wrestle with the granite form; I wrestle with a tomb-

stone. The image strains; it creaks; it gives a little. Rending and tearing from the centuries' cement, the slab on which the werewolf stands, slips and turns. I cast aside the wolf and as the slab is raised, I step into a tomb. A tomb? Aye, a tomb but more the study of a skeleton.

"Before the altared crucifix, beside which a sealed coffin lay, the skeleton half sat, half knelt and grinned at me. He bent over a faldstool which his brown parchments had changed from litany to writing desk. To hide his bones which the centuries had scoured clean of flesh, the tattered fragments of a rotting doublet flapped about him; but gaining support from the arms upon the desk before him, the skeleton scribe held his seat throughout the centuries. With the core of his quill still held between his bony dactulæ, it seemed his hollow eyes sought mine for an impression he might yet record. Strange secretary skeleton! Yet more wonderful, more fearfully wonderful than you was that upon the wall—that oracle of fate which as I read, I seemed to hear instead. Did I read or did the words come to me in the chant of a dirge sung by a choir far away?

The were-wolf stalks o'er the graves of the dead,
O'er the dead who have heard his call;
Though their bodies rot and their souls are fled,
Still its ghost shall haunt them all.
So beware of the beast without a tail,
And the woman without a soul;
Or thrice shall rise the deathly wail,
Thrice shall fall the fatal flail,
Thrice the dirge shall toll.

For the were-wolf laughs o'er her mouldering clay,
As she was the were-wolf's thrall.
Though twice she has slain, not it shall slay
And its ghost shall haunt us all.

But hold! A star shoots across the sky,
And it tells of the fate of men,
As two are dead so two shall die,
A third shall flee as now I fly,
And the curse shall come again.

For the were-wolf shall snarl o'er new graves of the dead,
Who shall seek the were-wolf's fall;
Though their bodies rot when their souls are fled,
Still its ghost shall haunt them all.

"The verses came to an end and the echoes in the cavern shouted to me that I laughed crazily. Perhaps I read the lines over and over again; perhaps I gazed but stupidly at the walls. Did the crumbling candles which I had lit burn the faster after their long rest from the rituals of the middle ages? Did the moon at once claim the centre of the sky to shine coldly in upon my shoulders? Instead, I must have sat through the hours dazed and dull until, with the night half gone, I found my fear cured by a greater fear and I took the crackling parchments from the faldstool.

" 'Johannus Atonius sum. Ab numine fati—' That mediæval Latin construes itself again in my mind.

" 'I am Johannus Atonius. By the irrevocable decree of fate have I constructed this mortuary chapel to my wife and make it now my sepulchre. To the grave where she is laid away—aye to the lair of the were-wolf's ghost have I come. *Sed non in extremo supplicans* I wait; for boldly have I come to deliver myself to the wolf. I, who may fight no more, deliver myself proudly to the foe. Yet as I journeyed here a star fell for me across the sky; so for him who shall come do I write; to him do I say—but did I write it now, he would read no more.

" 'I am Johannus Atonius, a man of God though persecuted by the Devil. By the Powers of Evil am I ensnared; into the toils of Hell have I cast myself bound in holiest bonds with the most unholy of them below. Yet all unconscious was I leagued with the spirits below and unknowing I took the Devil to myself; for the Devil takes strange and sundry forms. And, though he be a fallen Angel, yet can he create, in ape of the creatures of God, beings to serve him. But, as he is himself imperfect, so must he be imperfect in his works which are not the less but the more diabolical for their imperfection.

" 'Without tails, then—as is of commonest report—are the lower creatures of the Devil and without souls are his human beasts. Beasts are they all, indeed, for though the Devil transforms his minions from men to wolves and vipers and back to men again, their forms alone are changed; their natures

WHILE PASSING THROUGH THE PARK THE BRIDE AND GROOM STEPPED FOR A MOMENT FROM THEIR CARRIAGE

being ever constant. And as he creates his beasts of greatest strength and cunning, so does he make his human thralls of greatest beauty and treachery. Their lack of souls being undiscerned by eyes of the flesh, they whom the Devil creates seem most perfect and of such favor, grace and beauty that

through their fairseeming excellencies they beguile us and drag us to destruction.

"'Thus did I, Johannus Atonius, take to myself Hala, my wife, not knowing that she was in truth a wicked werewolf. Enticed not only by her excellence of form and feature, but pitying her also for those her crimes which seemed misfortunes, I married her.

"'Twice wedded and twice widowed was she then; for Roland the Saxon first took her in wedlock. Yet so hard upon the heels of Hymen came the fates' displeasure that as the couple walked from church through a little wood and Hala ran playfully ahead to hide behind a thicket, suddenly she cried out in anguish that she was set upon by a monstrous wolf and she called her husband's aid to her. Then Roland, running stoutly forward, turned the wolf upon himself but at such cost that when the neighbors hastened up, they found the bridegroom with his throat torn out, dead upon the ground.

"'Then loving her grace and her beauty and with heart wrung by her piteous sorrow, Richard the Norman bowed before the widowed virgin. In time she wedded again but again such seeming persecution came upon her that a wolf tore out the throat which had but chanted with her the marriage prayer. And so, at last, I fell before the woman twice wedded yet a maid.

"'Our vows were solemnized and we walked alone in the dusk. She dropped her kerchief and as I turned and stooped, I heard her shriek and close upon her cry a wolfish howl. I turned again but as I turned a great she-wolf, from where my wife had stood, sprang at my throat. My arm was nerved, and to the hilt I plunged my dagger beneath that shaggy fur. The beast fell away and snarling died; but as I bent to draw the poniard forth, I plucked it from the bosom of my wife.

"'Who can escape the Devil's curse? What man can burst the bonds of Hell? Against the powers of Evil have I builded this altar; to the were-wolf have I placed this stone. But the stars stay in their course; they have spelled my fate and I write it upon the wall. The flesh of the werewolf has become her flesh; and the werewolf has come again. The werewolf calls; it calls and I must go. But to-night the stars have begotten another and a comet flames in the sky. So I laugh as the were-wolf calls me; I laugh as I die in her grave. I laugh; I laugh. For hold! My star has lit the sky and it tells me the fate of men. As two are dead so two must die. A third shall flee as now I fly, for the fates shall come again. And the werewolf shall stalk o'er new graves of the dead who shall seek the werewolf's fall. Though their bodies rot when their souls are fled, still its ghost shall haunt them all. Yet it calls—it calls. Stop, stop, I say! *Lupe! Lupe! Audio! Veno, clamo tibi, veno!*" (Wolf! Wolf! I hear! I come, I cry to thee, I come!)'

"O thou Johannus Atonius, I, John Baron, heard that laugh; I heard that laugh in that double tomb. I stamped upon your parchments and I struck the hollow cheeks of that grinning skull. Fool, sorcerer, villain—what trick, what fate, what devil gave you that image of my wife which you still clasped in that sinister hand? I lie, I lie. It was not she. Yet the paint upon that picture which you held was rotted and faded; the paint upon my picture new and bright; in all else they were the same. The eye of my mind is blind to-night and the tongue of my hand hesitates and stammers. Though I be mad, yet have I consulted the stars; shall I shudder at my fate? 'Thrice, thrice.' What mean the words? 'Though twice she has slain now it shall slay—as two are dead so two shall die. A third shall flee—'

"I have seen. I have seen and I understand. Roland, my Roland, comrade of the curse, was this you?

* * * * * *

(NEWSPAPER CLIPPING FOUND ATTACHED TO THE PAPERS OF JOHN BARON).

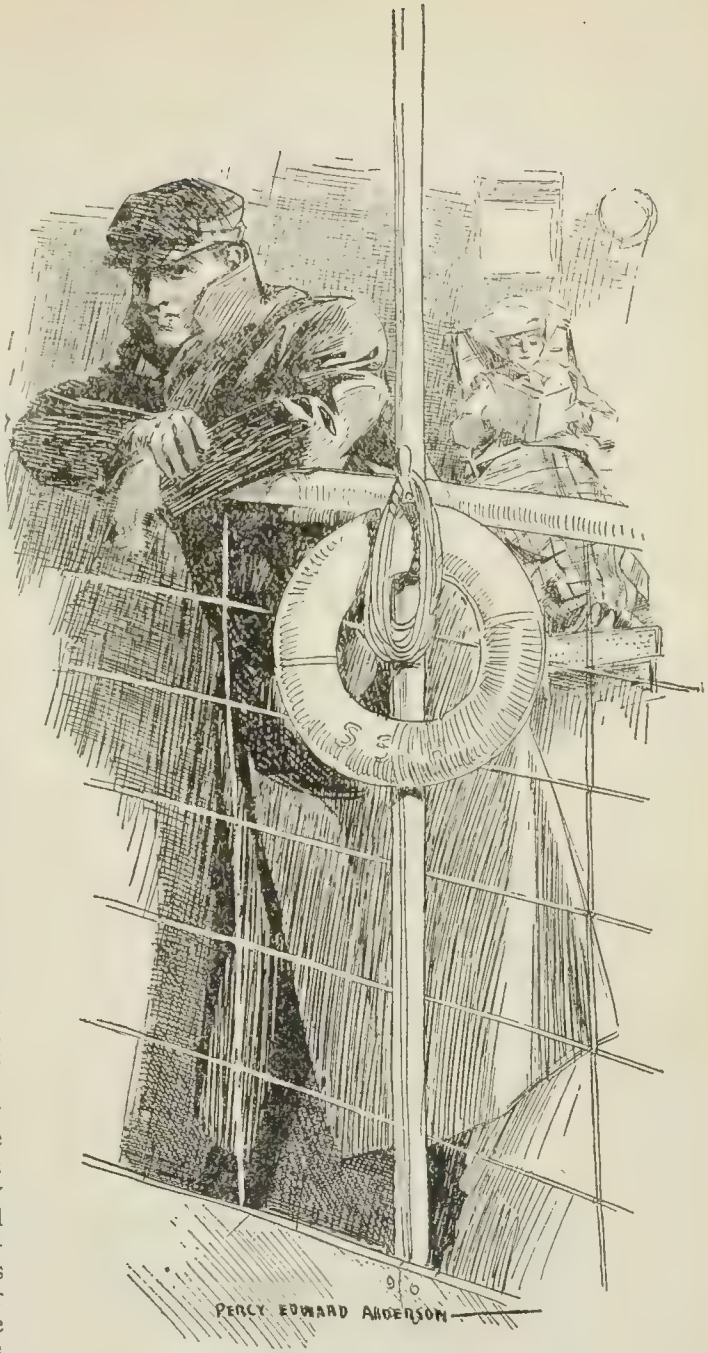
'BRIDEGROOM SLAIN.

'Strange Fate Follows Wedding.

'Norfolk, Va., July—, 19—. Two hours after leading his bride from the altar, Mr. Alfred C. Brussent of 287 T—— St. met death under the most singular circumstances. Only meagre

reports can be secured from the bride who, as can be easily understood, is frantic with grief. It appears, however from the statement of the young wife, who was the sole witness of young Brussent's death, that after reaching the hotel to which they had been driven the young couple started for a short stroll outside as the evening was cool and pleasant. They had proceeded some distance up St. M—— St., which is well known as one of the best and quietest avenues in the city, when suddenly and without warning a great hound sprang toward them. Mr. Brussent at once threw himself upon the beast to save his bride but he struggled against such odds that before help could arrive, the animal had torn out the young man's throat and vanished.

'The neighborhood was at once aroused; but the most diligent and anxious search failed to discover any further trace of the beast. No dog which could in any way answer to the hound which the bride described has, as far as can be known, ever been reported in the locality. The case is made still more mysterious by the positive statement of a veterinary and zoologist, who was called in at the inquest, that the wounds and marks upon the body of the deceased could not have been made by any common dog or hound. The teeth of the animal, according to the statement of the expert, left traces corresponding most nearly to the sharp and narrow jaws of a wolf. However



"I RETURNED TO THE LAND OF MY FATHERS"

absurd the assumption that a wolf attacked Mr. Brussent upon a Norfolk highway, Dr. Busse reiterates his statement.

'The deceased was the son of——

"Richard, my Richard, was this you?"

* * * * * *

(SECOND CLIPPING ATTACHED TO THE PAPERS OF JOHN BARON).

'WEDDED AND KILLED.

'Bridegroom Loses Life on Wedding Day

'Chicago, Sept——, 190—. Eight P. M. married. 11 P. M. slain. This is the epitome of the tragedy which horrified this city last night. On their way to the train from their wedding reception, Mr. and Mrs. Hollens, while being driven through the park, stepped a moment from their carriage. Scarcely had they passed behind a clump of bushes and out of sight of their coachman when the bride uttered a terrible cry which was followed at once by the howl of a wolf. As Walters, the driver, sprang from his box he saw a great shaggy beast tear down the bridegroom but before the coachman could reach the luckless groom, the wolf had slain young Hollens and disappeared.

'The incident reflects grave discredit upon the park authorities who have permitted such carelessness that a dangerous beast could break from the enclosures of the zoo. The animal keepers one and all deny that any of the wolves or other beasts escaped last night or is missing this morning. In the face of the evidence of Walters, the coachman, which is confirmed by the statement of the widowed bride, the denial of the animal keepers seems, however, to be perfunctory through fear of the consequences of their criminal carelessness'.

"Two are dead; the third—

"Vindictive are the Powers of Evil, fixed is the fate of the stars. To-night I die. But what flash is that in the Eastern sky? A brighter moment, that is all, when new lamps are lighted in the revels of a metropolis. What light is that to the north? Perchance the stable of some poor farmer burns. Darkness to the West. To the South?

"Laugh ye enlightened men. Laugh and pity me, ye conquerors of superstition. Laugh, ye sponsors of reason, who may read my story. Laugh; laugh ye all, lest they be your children who may not laugh. For the comet—the blazing rocket of the worlds—bursts forth in the Southern sky. The ever-moving fate shall come again. So laugh, if ye will, laugh. But tear from me the image that I hold. Let that portrait be like the card which marks a plague. Tell your children that another like her shall come; tell them to shun those features——

"I stop. The werewolf calls; to-night it comes to me. From where the clock may boom the fatal hour what threatening tone is that which strikes upon my ear?

"*One*—From the grave where the image stands, a film, a gauze, a veil, a shadow—*two*—a shadow, I say, only a shadow comes. It is nothing—*three*—an empty nothing, vain and harmless when unattached it comes—*four*—for five hundred years ago that which cast the shadow, that which never lived, never existed, died then—*five*—that could not hurt me being dead and its shadow is less mortal still—*six*—for it is less than nothing. The shadowed forms that children cast upon the walls, more deadly are than this——*seven*—for they are made by fingers before the candle flame while this is but the vain creation, the sick and orphaned fancy—*eight*—of a crazy brain; a brain begetting a thought to kill it: a thought like Oedipus yet a patricide—*nine*—to ancient myths and fancies, to folly, beliefs and fears my recreant mind does flee—*ten*—cowardly it flies and will not stay to help me fight this nothing. Oh traitor fool and silly mind—*eleven*—nothing, nothing, I say, nothing threatens, nothing can hurt: yet it comes, it comes. Ah! Ah! It comes and I—*tw*——*Lupe! Lupe! Audio! Veno, clamo tibi!* I come!"

THE LAST TURNSTILE

BY MABEL L. STUART

PEARLY petals, and rose, and white,
Float on a waning breeze;
Leaves of crimson, bronze and gold,
Flutter from swaying trees;
The burning sun of summer glows,
Pale thro' a velvet haze,
Illumining the mezzotints
Of autumn's golden days.

Curling petals, rustling leaves,
Insignia of death!
Buds of spring, the summer's bloom,
Seared by a silent breath;
Yet dream we of awakening,
Of slumber-chains flung wide;
Of emerald woods, where violet-bells

In mossy hollows, hide.
And we have loved, these many years,
While friends have come, and passed,
Till autumn vapors touched our souls
With chilling breath, at last;
And you have drooped beneath the frosts,
Beside the last turnstile,
And left me here to tread alone,
The last, long, weary mile.

THE REVEREND EBENEZER SPILLGATH AND MOSES

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "The Great American Pie Co.," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

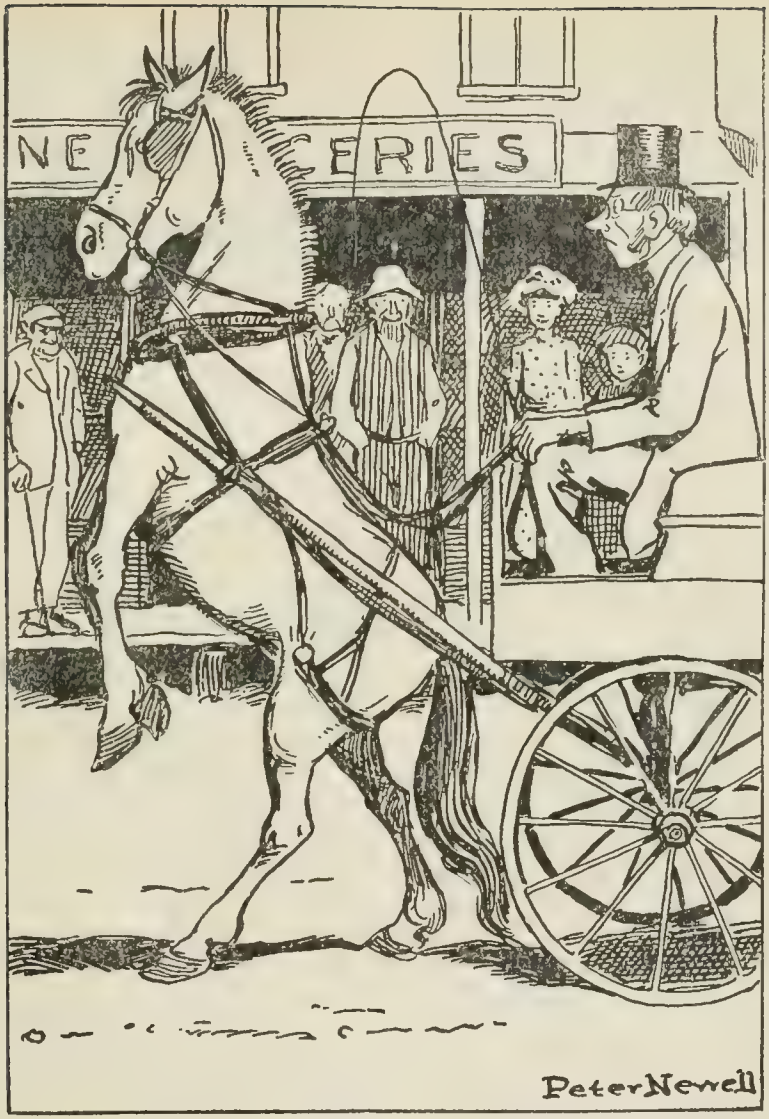
REV. EBENEZER SPILLGATH of Betzville is in serious trouble with his congregation at present, and it all goes to show that one should not be too forward in the good work of smiting the wicked. It is all right to smite the wicked, for that is all the wicked are good for, but any one desiring to smite should be careful not to pick out a wicked that will smite back.

When Purdon's Three-Ring Circus and Unmentionably Great Menagerie was in town about a month ago, it happened to be here on Thursday, and Rev. Ebenezer was greatly angered to find that when he opened prayer-meeting that night he had the meeting entirely to himself, and he decided that as the Egyptians—so to speak—had spoiled his meeting, he would wreak vengeance on them and spoil the Egyptians. As the circus had moved on to Billingsville that night, Rev. Ebenezer harnessed up his mare Rebecca, and drove over, and on the way over he made up his mind how he would spoil the Egyptians. Rev. Mr. Spillgath is noted in this county as one of the most progressive and slick horse traders on earth, and he decided he would spoil the Egyptians in a horse trade. He was not aware, at that time, he says, that the Egyptians were just spoiling to be spoiled.

When Rev. Ebenezer returned to Betzville Friday evening, he no longer drove Rebecca, but a white horse, and he wore a smile that informed one and all that he felt he had successfully spoiled the Egyptians and that he had spoiled them good and hard. Many were the congratulations he received from Uncle Ashdod Clute and other prominent citizens of Betzville, and he announced that it was his intention to call the horse, hitherto bearing the sinful name of Skeezicks, by the more appropriate name of Moses.

The next morning Rev. Ebenezer harnessed Moses and started on one of his accustomed tours of mercy and business, since his salary compels him to peddle watermelons between his stops at the homes of the sick and soul-sad, and all went well until he reached Main street. Here he paused and entered into a controversy with Alderman Bud Winters, on the merits of free liquor as against the mulct tax, when, suddenly, Moses arose upon his hind legs, and stood gracefully balanced thus. It was a thrilling scene—Alderman Winters scooting elsewhere; Rev. Ebenezer exiting from his buggy head first, and Moses standing on his hind legs. All this, set against the background of the Bankrupt Store and the post office made one of the pictures that will go down in the history of Betzville forever.

As soon as Rev. Ebenezer regained his composure he examined Moses, and a very superficial examination proved that Moses was still standing on his rear legs. Nothing that Rev. Ebenezer could do would bring the horse to any other posture. The horse seemed to want to stand that way, and so it stood that way. If Rev.



MANY SAID IT WAS AS GOOD AS A CIRCUS.

Ebenezer ever became angry he came near it then, but a whip seemed to do not a bit of good, and when, with his patience quite exhausted, Rev. Ebenezer entered his buggy and whipped up, Moses went his way on his hind legs. Many said it was as good as a circus.

That night Moses slept in his stall on his hind legs, while Rev. Ebenezer lay awake wondering what had caused the beast to act in this strange way. By daylight he decided that some word said in the presence of the horse must have been a signal for the act, and he proceeded to the barn and repeated to the horse, as nearly as possible, what he had said to Alderman Bud Winters. Nothing worth chronicling happened, and with a sad heart Rev. Ebenezer harnessed the upright horse and went his way.

At the corner of Main and Cross streets he met a large body of citizens,

all much interested, among whom was Alderman Bud Winters, and resuming the discussion of the day before, Alderman Winters expressed himself in his usual free and profane way. In the midst of the discussion Moses suddenly up-ended himself, with his rear legs in the air, and stood on his front hoofs. In vain did Rev. Ebenezer speak to the brute; he was compelled at last to continue his rounds with Moses walking on his fore feet. That night, and six nights thereafter, Moses slept in his stall with his rear hoofs against the rafters, and whenever Rev. Ebenezer went for a drive he was followed by a horde of interested parties. It was very annoying.

Nothing that Rev. Ebenezer could do seemed to have any effect on Moses, and the sight of the minister of the gospel driving a horse that was a permanent circus caused considerable scandal in these parts. Aunt Rhinocolura Betz, who is one of the best contributors in the congregation, gave notice that she was going to withdraw, and other leading society folks followed her example.

It was then that Rev. Ebenezer, driven to desperation, sent for Alderman Bud Winters. He had tried everything in his own vocabulary unavailingly, but the moment Alderman Winters opened his luxurious store of cuss words, the effect on Moses was instantaneous. For each variety of oath Moses performed a different act, and the only difficulty seemed to be that Alderman Winters did not have in stock the particular kind of swear that would make Moses act like a regular horse. The nearest he came to it was when he said, "Blankety blankety your blank hide!" At this Moses did a cake walk on four legs, and Rev. Ebenezer had to be satisfied with that. It was better than having a horse walk on its hands. But Rev. Ebenezer is a man of bulldog tenacity, and he is having Bud Williams come up to the barn every night and swear at Moses. He hopes some day Alderman Winters will swear Moses into a regulation horse.

The trouble is that the congregation knows it, and they are trying to decide whether they shall discharge Rev. Ebenezer for having profane language fired off by order in his barn, or discharge him for having a horse that does the cake walk.

A DEPARTURE

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

THE train pulls out across the dusk,
The winking tail-lights die,
Across the yards the whistles call,
"Who goes? Who stays? Good-bye!"

The sun sets red above the town,
The smoke hangs thick and gray,
And you must go across the world
Before the close of day.

And you must go, sweetheart, sweetheart!
The days go trailing by,
For you must go, and I must stay—
God keep you, dear. Good-bye!

WILD-WESTING AT BROOKS, ALBERTA, WITH FIVE THOUSAND CATTLE AS "SUPES"

HOW FILMS ARE MADE FOR THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

BY CURRIE LOVE

"DID you know Jane Addams calls the nickel-show 'The House of Dreams'?" asked the moving picture actor, patting the sleeping-car pillow into place, and leaning back in the corner of the section.

"She hit it exactly right, too. The nickel-show is the House of Dreams to East Side New York and West Side Chicago, and 'most every town of three thousand all over North America. Sadie and Jim and Lena and Bill don't think much of the fried-potato reality they live in; there's too much work and too little lark and not an Indian or a duchess in the whole landscape. Like everybody else, they've got a notion of what they think things ought to be like to be fun,—their dream. They've only got about a thousand words or so in their vocabulary, and not very much imagination, and they don't know enough to spin dreams for themselves. So they go to the nickel-show and see maybe three or four different kinds of dreams for five cents. We're the fellows who have to get out and hustle the dream for Sadie and Jim —and it isn't such easy work living in a dream as you might think it would be. The commonest mistake made is to suppose the actor who poses for moving pictures has an easy time. His confreres in the dramatic world say: 'Why, he has no part to learn, no night work, no costumes to buy, nothing to do but stand 'round and pose in front of a camera. It's a cinch!' It sounds like a cinch when you tell it that way, but as a matter of fact the moving picture actor has an exceedingly strenuous time, and he earns every cent of his fairly good salary.

"I first went into the moving picture business because I was out of a job. The show I was with was a failure and I found myself back in New York in January of a bad year with nothing new going out and everything old filled up with people who were hanging on for their lives. In common with most other dramatic people, I'd always looked down on 'picture work,' but needs must when you have a family to look after and you're the only wage earner, so I swallowed my reluctance and went to one of the big picture houses. I had a pretty good name as an actor, and I was signed as one of their 'stock company'. All the big picture firms keep a regular stock company to do principal parts and then just engage special people as you do 'supes' for a dramatic production. My salary was not quite as large as I had been receiving, but you understand it's cheaper to live in New York than on the road, and you have the certainty of continuous work with no danger of a two weeks' notice. Besides

ON THE "BIG FILL" TAKING PORTRAITS OF THE ROCKIES —"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE"

it is worth something to have no night work and be able to spend some time with your family like other men.

"I still had my old contemptuous idea of 'nothing to do but pose in front of a camera,' but I soon found out my mistake. Every morning at nine o'clock we were required to report at the studio, either by telephone or in person, and we were then told what our work would be for the day. Careful make-up was often necessary, for in one week a man may play widely divergent parts, a clubman, Indian, cowboy, miner or farmer. Naturally he must be a master of the art of make up, and be very careful how he puts it on, for the camera never lies and it exposes defects that the careless eye of an audience, with the footlights between, would be more than likely to miss.

"After making up and donning your costume, you go in to rehearse. A moving picture tableau is rehearsed almost as carefully as a scene in a drama. The stage director decides where each actor shall stand, and you go through your pantomime several times, perhaps, before he is satisfied. And I assure you, acting for the camera is really hard work. On the stage, you see, you have your voice, that medium which has made the fame of so many actors, and the tones, the inflections, the tricks of speech are the invaluable methods of expression. In motion pictures, you have to rely solely on facial expression and gesture, though

THE COW CATCHER OF A MOVING-PICTURE TRAIN IS GOOD FOR SOMETHING BESIDES SNATCHING BOSSY FROM CALAMITY

many of the best actors for the camera speak genuine lines, just as if they were doing a play, claiming that they are thereby aided in assuming the correct expression of countenance.

"The indoor scenes, however, are easy in comparison with the outdoor work. It makes no difference how long you've been before the public, you've no idea what a fool you feel in make up and some weird costume on the street, everyone staring and laughing and wondering which asylum you escaped from. On Broadway nobody has time to pay much attention to you, but in the small suburban towns around New York, where much of our work is done, it's awful. I remember once we did a scene on a ferry between New York and Jersey City. As usual, the boat was jammed with people, all of whom were much interested in a violent love scene I had with the leading lady. I shall never forget my mingled emotions when I heard a clear, girlish voice say, 'I must write to tell mother what an interesting trip this has been. Just think, a troop of performing monkeys, some dwarfs and moving picture actors on board!'

THE LITTLE LEADING LADY DOING STUNTS FOR THE CAMERA ON THE "EMPRESS OF JAPAN"

"In Bronx Park, where many of our outdoor scenes are played, because we can get almost any kind of scenery we want, the people are so used to us that I really believe you might murder a man in sight of the whole community and get off scot free. They'd yawn and say, 'Another moving picture'.

"Outdoor work is, of course, much more interesting than the ordinary cut and dried studio pictures, but it involves the performance of feats not only strenuous, but often dangerous. You must ride and swim, box and wrestle, and do all sorts of 'stunts' you would never be called upon to do in the 'legitimate'. Especially is this the case when we go out of New York on long trips through the country, for naturally, the object is to get as much characteristic scenery as possible, and in order to impart the element of 'human interest' to the story, we are often compelled to remarkable deeds.

"For instance, we did a big sea picture on a trip we made through Cuba, and one of the women in the company was forced to stay in the water an hour and a half, finally being washed up by the waves on the beach. You can imagine how wet and draggled and half dead she was when we fished her out.

A THRILLING MOMENT IN THE DRAMA

"This same little woman had a mountain climbing experience on a recent trip through Canada that she won't forget in a hurry. We had been engaged by the Canadian Pacific Railway to go through the Dominion, taking moving pictures to be shown all over the United States and Europe to advertise the country. We had a special train in charge of a railway official, who took care that we didn't miss any bets on the good points, and we surely took them all in. We rode with those champion riders of the plains, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, at Regina; we assisted in the round up of five thousand cattle at Brooks where one of the girls in the company had donned a divided skirt and herded cattle with the men, and where, incidentally, we had been caught in an electric storm and had to drive fifteen miles in open rigs through thunder, lightning, and hail; we had a fight with the Indians at Calgary and I carried the bruise one brave gave me for a month. The old brute said suggestively, 'Ugh! Me kill, eh? Me kill?' I felt my scalp rising and you may be sure I got hold of a mounted policeman and asked him to explain it was only a 'pretend' kill. At Banff we did some wonderful swimming feats in the big pools there, we charged the buffalo in the National Park and did some riding through the mountain passes.

"But at Laggan we outdid ourselves by climbing 8,000 feet above sea level and nearly killing our leading lady. None of us knew anything about mountain climbing, so we dressed as for a pleasant afternoon stroll. The leading lady in her brown suede shoes, short brown velvet skirt and jaunty Tyrolean hat looked charming for a stage mountain climbing scene. But the Swiss guide (genuine, variety) we had with us glanced dubiously at the suede shoes and muttered under his breath.

"Nobody noticed him, however, and we set forth gaily. After about an hour's climbing we were not quite so gay and at the second hour when the leading lady had been fished out of a crevasse, very wet and very cold, and everybody had floundered into snow up to his knees, why, nobody was what you might even call cheerful.

"When we arrived at the top of the glacier on Mount Lefroy, the leading lady made herself a little colder and wetter by rolling down the cliff to the

ledge beneath for the benefit of the camera. If she had dislodged enough snow I suppose we should all have been in more or less danger, but fortunately she is a little woman and she accomplished the roll without worrying anybody.

"Plucky little woman she is! Never turns a hair at her own danger, but nearly goes crazy when her husband, also a member of the company, has to perform. At Field we took a twenty-four mile trip on a flat car ahead of the engine, to get a panorama of the mountains. When we arrived at a little town called Hector, her husband had to do some stunts on top of a runaway freight car, and the little woman was scared out of her life. I thought she'd have a nervous collapse on the spot.

"At Vancouver, her husband was supposed to fall down the hold of the big steamship, the 'Empress of Japan'. Of course they threw down a dummy, but they hauled the real man up by means of a pulley and chain, and his wife stood there in utter terror lest the chain or something should break.

"At Victoria we did a big salmon fishing picture, which necessitated our

NO, NOT LUMBER JACKS — ONLY A MOVING PICTURE SCENE—BUT THE ACTOR'S MUSCLES ARE JUST AS SORE NEXT MORNING AS THOUGH IT WERE REAL

IF YOU THINK IT IS EASY TO PLAY YOUR PART IN THAT AVALANCHE OF SLIPPERY, SLIDING, SMELLY SALMON, WITH THE BOAT ROCKING BENEATH YOU—JUST TRY IT

getting up at five in the morning to go out with the fishing barge. When we arrived at the scene of conflict we had to pull up the net, and then get down among thousands of salmon at the bottom of the barge, and if you think it was easy to play your part in that avalanche of slippery, sliding, smelly fish with the boat pitching and tossing underneath you, making you wish you were in your snug, warm bed at home—well, you just try it. I'd be willing to wager you'd think the moving picture actor earned his salary.

"You know I could go on and tell you hundreds of instances like this, but I think perhaps you'll have more respect for the motion picture actor now, and that's what I wanted. It is becoming a very important phase of dramatic art in these days when the average man can't afford two dollars for a good seat and won't sit in a cheap seat in a first class theatre. People are being forced into cheap amusements, and the picture theatre fills the bill. An increasingly better class of actors is producing an increasingly better class of pictures, and in this age when we all demand novelty and a certain amount of sensationalism in both our fiction and drama, the motion picture actor has to possess not only art, but courage."

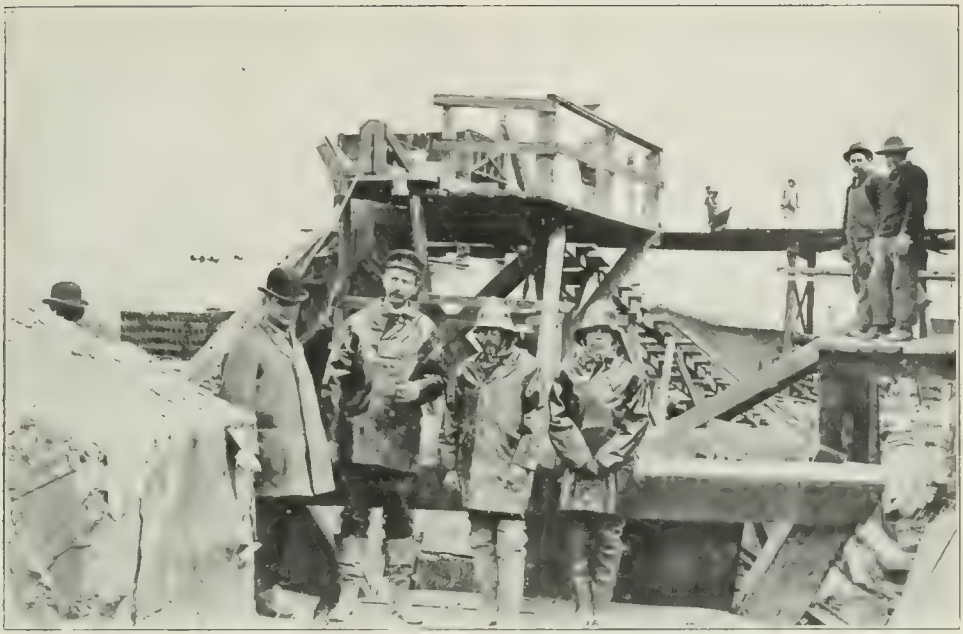
A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

A BEAUTIFUL morning! How clean and how clear
The glow of the sun in the valley;
How wondrous the songs of the birds that we hear
As vibrant they rise and they rally!
What now of the gloom of the night that is gone,
The hush that was tense as a warning?
There's laughter and life in the light of the dawn
Since God sends a beautiful morning.

A song on the lips, newer faith in the soul,
And a falling away of all sadness
When dawn sends the gleam of its unfolding scroll
Full-writ with the message of gladness.
It drives all the dinginess out of the street,
It wakens the sweetness long hidden.
And melodies rise with a rhythmical beat
Of music that murmurs unbidden.

A beautiful morning! Ah, when you are through
With life—but a waking and sleeping—
May marvellous glints fill the wonderful blue
Where colors of glory are sweeping.
Aye, done with the day of this world, with its fears,
Its babbling and fretting and scorning.
As after a night of vague dreams and of tears,
God send you a beautiful morning.



A CHARACTERISTIC SNAPSHOT OF KINNEAR ON THE JOB

THE MAN WHO STUCK TO THE JOB

BY MAUD M. FESSANT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IF WILSON S. KINNEAR should ever lose his temper, goodness only knows what the consequences might be. Incidentally, he never does—but there is always the possibility of the *if*. Physically and mentally, he is a giant. He stands six feet four inches, wears a hat that would lose an ordinary man, has hands that are large, brown, bony and powerful, and the ink from his pen gives a signature that is broad and bold—the power of his mind and body finds expression in every letter. He strikes you as a great power under perfect control, and when he says "No," a question of doubt is never raised.

A certain admirer said: "You will never understand Kinnear's force unless you consider first of all his big Roman nose. That Kinnear nose—what power it expresses, what energy to battle down difficulties! The Kinnear nose is the nose of the warrior, the leader, the pioneer. It is a combative nose. The man with that nose commands at all times. To the last ditch he is aggressive. And he has, withal, enough esteem to hold himself up. Kinnear has a large, high head. He is ambitious, firm, proud, honest—often dogmatic.

Mr. Kinnear looked upon the building of this tunnel as he would upon any other task. All of his life he has been engaged simply in two things—taking orders, giving orders. He is intensely practical. Everything in his life is like a sum of arithmetic. Things must be added correctly and checked. They must balance to a cent. It is doubtful if he ever read a book of poetry in his life. In college he cut every course that didn't have to do with mathematics. Facts, facts, facts—there's your Kinnear. No French for him; no

smattering of Greek; no amateur knowledge of how to identify beetles; no dabbling in chemistry. All his life he has been concentrating that big, craig-like Scotch-Irish head over books about engineering; and he has gone far afield in the actual work of grading, leveling, pulling, hauling. The mere volume of work Kinnear has done is exceptional, and at the early age of forty-five, he is already at the top of his profession.

For example, let us consider the $8,000,000 Detroit River Tunnel, built by Kinnear, and recently opened to traffic. One day a certain man—Ledyard, his name was—happened to remark that Kinnear should build the tunnel, and Ledyard being what he was to the tunnel, and Kinnear being what he was to any difficult piece of work, that settled it. Kinnear was used to having things come suddenly, and without wasting a word or a minute, he went on the job. Building the tunnel has taken years and millions and more than one life, and all the time Kinnear has been the responsible head, the brains to plan, the will to execute, the eyes to see that the work was done.

Kinnear is a man's man. He has lived much in the open, under the sky, in camp, carrying his revolver, constantly expecting trouble, quarrelling with half-breeds, arguing with capitalists, planning, executing, meeting emergencies on sea and shore—there's your Kinnear. He is a man who gets at men's heart strings. Yet he does it without recourse to cocktails, club life, and all the things that men ordinarily hold dear. Every night of his life he is in bed at eleven o'clock. He is as steady as an eight-day clock; yet men stand by him, admire him.

Everything about Kinnear says plainly that he was born an engineer. All his life he has shown the mathematical bent. The toy wind-mill on the barn, the sled of his own building, the tiny water-wheel in the brook pointed to larger engineering triumphs in later years. Father, grandfather and great-grandfather were surveyors.

Kinnear was born in Ohio, but at the age of four was taken by his parents to the hamlet of Ottawa, Kansas. That was about forty years ago, at a time when Kansas was just settling up. The pioneers were breaking land. The Kinnears, like the rest, had a hard time to get along. From the day he was large enough to help, young Kinnear was his father's companion on surveying tours. Father and son went over the prairies laying out land.

Kinnear took the four-year course of study at the State University of Kansas, in three; then quit college and went with a Santa Fé surveying party. Here he got his first experience in actual railroad building. For six years he roughed it in the West. Finally he became division engineer of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé, and he pushed the road northward through Indian Territory toward Topeka. During the day he was in the saddle; at night he slept on the ground wherever he happened to be.

Soon after, Kinnear was tossed to the other side of the globe. The North and South Improvement Company wished to build 700 miles of railroad in Chili, and sent Kinnear as associate engineer. After he had been there awhile, he was made engineer-in-charge. It was at the time of Balmaceda, and the spirit of revolution was in the air.

The former plainsman and rough rider now found it necessary to play another part, in which figured the donning of a dress suit, wearing a silk hat and carrying a cane. He did not omit the precaution of having handy in his hip pocket an American "44".

You see, there were all sorts of troubles ahead—political, social and business. There was small chance that the "N. & S." owners would ever see their money again. Rascally contractors were robbing the New York stockholders. Over all hung the Chilian war cloud. There was a conspiracy afoot to bankrupt the "N. & S." treasury. Kinnear found it out. It was loot, loot, loot; everybody wanted loot! There was something in Kinnear's six-foot-four that had a quieting influence on the passions of the gang. Many disorderly scenes took place, but the glitter of Kinnear's gray eyes and the nickel-plated American "44" had a splendid moral effect.

SINKING THE LAST TWO SECTIONS OF THE TUNNEL

A SECTION OF TUBING LEAVING THE WAYS

The conspirators next began stealing the maps and charts, and finally Kinnear hit upon the plan of having a secret sign or token, placed after his signature, or in a certain corner of each paper. If Kinnear's cabalistic mark was not in plain view, the Company's treasurer knew what to do. Matters went from bad to worse; the Balmaceda War coming on contributed to upset all plans.

In the quaint old city of St. James, or Santiago, Chili, Mr. Kinnear lived at the Hotel Odo. He found Santiago cosmopolitan, with a decided Spanish flavor. Kinnear was now seen each evening, slowly strolling the Alameda, Santiago's principal boulevard, the lounging place of the fashionable throng. The ladies wore French toilettes, the gentlemen were in military or other dignified dress. Kinnear mingled on even terms with senators and other Chilian gentry; it was Kinnear's first job of engineering in which cravats counted more than blueprints.

Alas, the "N. & S" Company was about to give it up. Through good fortune Kinnear closed his account, got together a few hundred dollars and decided to quit the country. He sailed in a French steamer bound for Havre, France, and after a few weeks in Paris and London, made up his mind to return to the United States.

Kinnear landed in New York with just $100.00. It vanished like mist before the rising sun. What now?

This is your engineering life—here to-day, gone to-morrow; from one side of the world to the other; one foot on shore, one on the sea. After seven years of privations, life on the desert, in California, in Indian Territory, in Oklahoma, in Chili, fighting thieves, riding the ranges, sleeping in holes in the ground, and, last scene of all, playing the fine gentleman with the "44" in his hip pocket—Kinnear found himself "dead-broke".

Kinnear was now on the edge of a career destined to broaden more and more. He had "struck his gait". A fine opening with the Michigan Central brought him to St. Thomas, Canada. Canada was his land of golden opportunity for this position was a stepping-stone to all his future successful career. This was in 1890. Soon, he was engaged to take charge of the construction of the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo railroad; and in 1898 he went to Detroit as the principal assistant engineer; then followed promotion as assistant superintendent of the Canadian Division; in 1902, he was appointed assistant general superintendent, operating department; and in August, 1902, Kinnear became chief engineer; he also holds the office of assistant general manager; besides was selected to build the Detroit River Tunnel.

He spends his leisure time playing golf, rain or shine; and a worthy antagonist he makes. He has a fondness for baseball and recalls early triumphs when he played first base at Lawrence University, twenty-five years ago.

It is said by those who know him best that Mr. Kinnear is a man in whom one is continually finding new qualities of greatness. He is the staunchest friend I have ever known a man to have. Disappointed and deceived, he has stuck to some men beyond an ordinary man's understanding. He has been charitable to their shortcomings. It is his nature to be big, broad and clean. He does not seem to understand that mean qualities exist. His family circle reflects the character of the man—it is clean, bright and wholesome. He handles men with a kind, firm hand. The physician to the Detroit River Tunnel told me that Mr. Kinnear said: "Doctor, look after those boys as if they were your brothers. Do not be afraid to ask for anything you want." The men appreciate Mr. Kinnear. A short time ago they gave a complimentary dinner at the Hotel Cadiallas, and presented him with a portfolio containing their photographs, "To the chief, from the men on the job."

Mr. Kinnear's daring achievement, the construction of the Detroit River Tunnel, will stand as one of the most striking pieces of engineering of the present day. It is one of the longest submarine tunnels in the world, a double one, comprised of two separate tubes, the one having the track for east

bound trains and the other for west bound. The total length of the tunnel is about 8,000 feet and, of this, 2,600 feet is under the river. It is this portion under the river which is most interesting, owing to the fact that an entirely new mode of construction was adopted. Roughly, this was the new method on which men staked their reputations and risked millions of dollars. It might succeed, said the experts who looked over the plans; it might not. But Kinnear doesn't deal in mights and mightn'ts—it should succeed, said he—and succeed it did.

THE MAN WITH THAT NOSE COMMANDS AT ALL TIMES

To make the crossing beneath the river, immense steel tubes were constructed at St. Clair, Michigan. These tubes were 260 feet in length and were composed of steel plate three-eighths of an inch in thickness. On the outside of the tubes at every distance of eleven and a half feet, there were transverse diaphragms, which strengthened the tubes and formed pockets which later were to be filled with cement. The sections were then boarded up on all sides with heavy planking and the tubes closed in at the ends, so they would float.

The ten double sections necessary to make the crossing were then launched, one at a time, and towed down the river to Detroit.

The bottom of the river had been prepared by dredging to the depth of thirty feet, and the building of concrete piers, upon which the tubes were to rest. The section was then floated over the spot where it was to be submerged, securely anchored and the water was admitted through the valves at both ends of the double tubes simultaneously. They were thus gradually filled and sunk to the strong foundation prepared. The next section was then

moored and sunk, and the alignment having been made perfect, divers bolted the flange of the one tube to the corresponding flange of the tube next in line. Concrete was then poured around the tubes, all the pockets formed by the diaphragms being filled separately, and all the space between the tubes and between the tubes and the planking.

When the tubes were pumped clear of water, they were lined with reinforced cement of a thickness of twenty inches, so that the steel tubes were really only the forms around which a tunnel was constructed more durable than if driven through solid rock.

What the daily difficulties, obstacles, unforeseen troubles and delays mean in work of this kind, no one knows but the man on the job—and he must know every detail of the whole thing as another man knows the palm of his hand, or the size of his bank balance. Problems arise to be solved on the instant, problems on whose correct solution may hinge thousands of dollars or a hundred lives; delays must be checked; obstacles circumvented; a thousand and one things done that need unerring judgment, unswerving coolness, and strength of both body and mind. Kinnear was the man who solved and circumvented and decided, and to Kinnear is due the achievement of those three-eighth-inch plates of steel and twenty inches of cement under the placid waters of the Detroit River. The man on the job—that's Kinnear!

TO KINNEAR IS DUE THOSE THREE-EIGHTH INCH PLATES OF STEEL AND TWENTY INCHES OF CEMENT UNDER THE DETROIT RIVER

AN UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER

BY W. LACEY AMY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. A. MACLELLAN

This is the third of a series of five stories dealing with the business adventures of a feminine commercial traveller on the road for a jewellery house and in direct competition with her husband, the salesman for a rival firm.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE knocking of the bell boy at her door and his "seven-thirty" were the first things Mary D. heard one Monday morning at her Toronto stopping place, the Palmer House.

She wasn't a bit anxious to obey the summons, and lay there yawning and figuring out how much more bed she could allow herself and still catch the nine o'clock train. She was unusually tired and sleepy as she had been up until after one repacking her sample case and trunk. That day she intended to make direct for Stratford and had rearranged her hand case in deference to the fancies of a good customer there. Much of the usual contents of her case she knew would be of no interest to him, and their place could be more profitably filled with a greater variety of semi-precious stone pieces from her trunk. It was a long job and a nervous one, as she fancied from a short talk she had with Marly during the preceding week that he had plans for the coming week that included Stratford, and as that city was the largest in the week's route, it was natural to suppose that he would make directly there.

Main & Co. had improved their designs of late, until it was no easy task to outrival Marly with his new lines. The war of wits was keener, and her former carelessness and confidence in her ability to outsell him through her sharpness and her better designs was not so great a sustaining force. Marly, too, seemed to be infected with a greater belief in his own powers, through the undoubtedly improved samples he was able to show. He had filled the Frame order taken with her samples, and two weeks afterwards had a completely new line of samples that had impelled her to wire to her firm to send the newest things they had designed.

Since the Frame incident they had met several times, and both had scored victories. But there was a difference in their relative positions. Marly's victories and increased confidence seemed to be plucked from her make-up in some way, for as Marly grew more independent and confident, she became correspondingly uncomfortable, and instead of trusting to luck and her own wits to keep her ahead, she found herself watching him with a strain that further wore upon her. She felt sure Marly saw this, and her inability to throw the feeling off was making her fight harder every day.

She began to realize that while a woman may shine in business for a brief space, she has not the nerve to endure the suspense and strain of continued business worries, as has a man. To him it comes naturally: in woman the instinct does not exist, and natural cleverness, however superior, does not take the place of instinct. The necessary watching of the one precludes the rest that commercial life demands.

However, she had to get up, and with a big display of energy to throw off her sleepiness, she busied herself with her dressing. A knock came to the door.

"Messenger for you," said the voice of the bell boy, and Mary D. looked out and saw a telegraph messenger.

Seizing the message, she tore it open and read:

"Call at Best & Co., Seaforth, first. Have rush order to give.—Myers."

MARLY LEANED FORWARD TO FOLLOW HER FINGER

The spelling of "Myers" caught her eye, and she smiled at the mistake of the telegraph office, as Miers hated above all things the misspelling of his name.

The message meant little to her as she could go to Seaforth as conveniently as to Stratford. But then she thought of Marly getting in ahead of her, and of the repacked sample case for the Stratford firm. She determined she would ignore Miers' message and say she couldn't change her plans at that late hour. And, anyway, she could see Best & Co. within a couple of days.

She just wouldn't repack her sample case, and at any rate she hadn't time before the train.

At 8.50 she bought her ticket for Stratford, and chose a double seat, so that she could make herself comfortable for a long sleep. The entrance of Marly did not surprise her, nor did his cool selection of the seat facing her. Marly never fought shy of her. He seemed to forget his forfeiture of the position of husband, and to have adopted her only as a very congenial friend. His embarrassment at acting as a friend with his wife seemed to have passed away entirely. This was probably a direct result of his increased belief in himself and diminished fear of her. He never called her other than "Mary D." or occasionally simply Mary. Not an evidence of their relationship was given, and she believed that of late it was much more in her mind than in his.

"Where now?" he asked, after the first greeting.

"Stratford," she answered. She saw a slight change in his expression, but was too dreamily careless to attach any significance to it at the moment.

Suddenly the spelling of Miers' name came to her, for no evident reason. She looked at Marly more attentively and recognized something more than ordinary in Marly's look.

A suspicion flashed upon her, and she asked as a lead, "You're Stratford, too,

I suppose? I think I heard you place it in your plans last week. Well, Marly, there's not much for you in Stratford. I'm laying myself out for to-day, and you know Stratford is my town."

"As I have told you before, Mary D.," he answered, smiling, "you can't be so sure of any of the towns as you were. Main & Co. is about IT now, and I guess the oddity of skirts selling jewelry is wearing off a little."

"Oh, Flank & Miers have still many trumps up their sleeve." She leaned back carelessly and put her hand up to the window as if to brush off the steam. Then her finger took a definite movement.

Marly almost unconsciously leaned forward a little where he could follow her finger. In the steam on the glass he read, "Main & Co. 1900 jewelers in 1906".

Without appearing to notice it he settled back in his corner, and raising his hand to his window moved it along the pane. Mary D. let her shoulders slip along the cushion as if carelessly, but conspicuously enough to show Marly that she was looking. On the glass appeared the words, "Flank & Myers, the exhausted manipulators".

"Marly," suddenly said Mary D., "when you send me a message again be more certain of your spelling. Miers is M-i-e-r-s".

And Marly, after a moment, only laughed and said he was sorry she hadn't even a chance to get a rush order from Best & Co.

But a tension continued in the air and each knew that the other was looking for an opportunity to score, as they had never done before. The day in Stratford brought good business to both. Mary D. approached her customers with her old-time confidence and made out long order sheets before they realized how extensively they were buying. On the other hand, Marly worked vigorously and doggedly, his old-time zeal combined with his new determination.

The next morning both were leaving for Listowel. The train left Stratford at 6.30, and calls had to be left at the

THE FIRST THING HE HEARD IN THE MORNING WAS THE SOUND OF WHEELS

office. The system of calls at the hotel consisted of a board with a series of hours printed on it, and below each was a small hook. At the side on a large nail hung a brass plate for each room number. To get a call at any hour, the guest simply hung the plate with the

number of his room on the hook of the time at which he desired to be roused. The clerk attended to the rest.

Marly retired early after a day that had somehow been a greater strain than usual. Simmons, of Healy & Co., had been in town also and was going on to Listowell, and the opposition was keen. He left a call for 5.45, intending to have breakfast at Listowel. As he was returning from the bathroom with a pitcher of hot water for his shaving, he saw Mary D. come upstairs, and the look on her face as he suddenly came upon her made him wonder what she was up to now. Something was in the air; it was easy to see from her start and from the quickness of her pace down the hall ahead of him. He thought of everything which could give her a chance. He knew she had it in for him for his attempt to turn her off from Stratford to Seaforth. Even after he got in bed he lay awake with a feeling of uneasiness at the look on Mary D.'s face.

The first thing he heard in the morning was the sound of wheels. Jumping from his bed he saw the hotel bus starting off with three figures wrapped up from the early morning fall air. Was not one of the occupants of the bus Mary D.? In the dim light of the street he fancied he saw her glance up at his window. He turned to his watch—6.20!

Hastily ringing for the bell boy, he hustled into his clothes. The boy knocked and sleepily stood listening as Marly started to lecture him, while buttoning his suspenders. Why had he not been called? What kind of a hotel did they run anyway? The boy left to find out from the clerk what was the matter. In a minute he came back with the information that the call for 16 was up for 7 a.m.

And Marly knew why Mary D. looked guilty the night before when he met her on the stairs. While he was thinking the whistle of the train was heard, and he sat down on the bed to decide what to do next.

An idea came to him that would give Mary D. only a very short start on him in Listowel. Continuing his dressing, he was soon prepared for the street, and stepping out into the dawning day, he walked briskly towards the residential section. A ring at the doorbell of a large brick house showing all the evidences of wealth and refinement, brought a maid to the door, and in answer to his inquiry for Mr. Watson on urgent business, his card soon brought down a middle-aged man in a dressing gown. Marly found a sympathetic but amused listener, and one who was willing to join in any plan with boyish abandon.

In a half hour a big silver finished automobile was puffing at the door of the hotel, while Marly ran down the steps and jumped into the front seat beside the same middle-aged man who had told Marly to count on him for a day's fun. A few minutes later they were speeding swiftly over good country roads at a rate several miles ahead of what the Provincial legislators had set down as dignified and safe. Something over an hour later they stopped at the Arlington Hotel in Listowel, and Marly bounded up the stairs. On a blackboard at the office desk, there appeared: "Train from east five hours late," and he learned that a freight run-off at Arbright, a small station eight miles east, had held up traffic for at least five hours. An auxiliary had come out from Stratford, but a dozen cars had piled up and torn up a hundred yards of track.

Marly sat down suddenly under the relief of the strain, while Mr. Watson looked more amused when he saw how seriously Marly had been taking the incident. "Well, you're safe now," Mr. Watson said. "I'll be in town the rest of the day, I guess, and will see you later."

Marly just nodded, for he could take in nothing but that he had beaten Mary D. out at her own game. But with the knowledge that he was ahead, he missed the excitement of the personal encounter, which was far more interesting, after all. He was sure of a good share of business, and felt satisfaction at that, but it was now so easy that there seemed no triumph in it.

A few minutes later he picked up his sample case and visited one of the merchants. The order that greeted

him was surprisingly large. But he wasn't comfortable. He went back to the hotel, enquired for any later information about the train, and then went around to another store. Again he was gratified by the size of the order. There were still two jewellers, and both of these had always been inclined to favor Flank & Miers.

For a few minutes he walked up and down, aimlessly. Then suddenly a "chug-chug" up the street and the sight of his friend's car made him start. Waving his hand, he ran out to the auto, jumped in and leaning excitedly towards his friend, he asked: "How quickly can you make Arbright?"

SITTING ON A PILE OF TELEGRAPH POLES, WITH HER HEAD IN HER HANDS

"Let's see, that must be about eight miles away. Oh, I could get you out there in about twenty minutes if you're in a hurry. But what in thunder do you want there? There's no jeweller there."

"Never mind, Watson," said Marly, and his eyes flashed, making him much more interesting to his friend. "Slope your other business and run me out there in a hurry. There's a reason."

"One would think you were a patent breakfast food man," laughed Mr. Watson, but he put on the high power and for fifteen minutes they scorched. Then ahead of them they saw a jumble of freight cars, and two or three engines and a crowd of men came into view as they drew nearer. At one side sitting on a pile of telegraph poles, her head on her hands, and her eyes unseeingly fixed on the panting engines, sat a figure in checked skirt and velvet waist. The curly, short brown hair was more ruffled than usual, and an air of abandon pervaded the whole figure.

"There!" said Marly, shortly, pointing at Mary D.

His friend turned the wheel and the car was close beside the pile of poles before the seated figure heard it in the noise of shunting engines and shouting men.

Marly stepped out and raised his hat, while a look almost of terror and then of something akin to joy, suffused his wife's face.

"Won't you come with us, Mary?" he said.

"It would be a pleasure, Marly," she answered, looking more closely at him to see how much he knew. "The excitement of a wreck wears off when you have to sit and watch it for four long hours, with no prospects of a bite to eat for a couple more. It was kind of you to do it, Marly, after——"

But he cut her short. "You see, I knew Simmons was on board, and I had seen my men in Listowel, and there was still a long wait for the train, and I knew you would like to see Heath and Yates before Simmons, and Watson here was awfully kind, and—well, it's nicer riding in an automobile than a train any day. Don't you think so?"

And Mary's smile said she did.

THE COUNTRY PRESS OF WESTERN CANADA

BY FLORA BALDWIN

"'TIS pleasant sure to see one's name in print," Byron said, and from what we know of human nature in general, the poet was not indulging in any poetic license. It is something of the same feeling that makes people want to see a printed account of happenings of which they know every detail, or in which they took part. The man who is present at a St. Andrew's dinner buys an extra paper to read about the whole performance, though he knows every detail as only a spectator can. The woman who has been at a tea and has learned precisely what style of clothes every other woman wore, turns first thing to the social column, and takes more interest in that particular item than in the dozen other accounts whose statements would be all fresh news to her.

Why?

Not even the editor pretends to know.

And in this "whimsy" of human nature is the stronghold of the editor who would make his paper a success, whether said paper issue two editions a day or one a week—allee samee. But it is especially true in the case of the weekly papers, issued in small towns and drawing largely on the surrounding country for subscribers. The local news of the week isn't news at all to most of the subscribers when it appears in print; and if the incident is unknown the place and the performers are familiar—but those seem to be only added attractions. The editor cannot go far wrong if he devotes big space to all the local news he can hunt up, even if outside stuff has to be cut down. This state of mind is common to mankind, and Western Canadian readers are very human.

The first newspaper published in British North America was the Halifax Gazette, whose initial number appeared on March 23rd, 1752. It was not until 1840 that a daily Canadian paper was printed, the first being the Montreal Advocate. Nowadays every little town has one paper and perhaps two, while bigger towns and cities have daily editions. In the West particularly is noticed the prevalence of the newspaper. The home product is abundant and there are importations from the east and south and from across the sea.

There are at present some three hundred and twenty-seven weeklies published in Western Canada, Manitoba standing first among the four Provinces in this respect, though British Columbia heads the list for dailies, with nearly a third of the total thirty. The monthlies equal the dailies in number. That is a fairly good supply for our million and a quarter of people.

A sentence or two can profitably be devoted to the nomenclature of some of these papers. Some of them are "bromidy" enough—there is always a Free Press, a Gazette, an Observer, or a Chronicle in any Anglo-Saxon community, and Suns and Moons and Stars are common constellations in the newspaper sky. But the originality and appropriateness of some of the Western Canadian papers must be acknowledged. Crag and Canyon, Rocky Mountain Echo, Chinook, mean something and only an ignoramus could mislocate them. What about the suitability and picturesqueness of the Saturday Sunset, Raymond Rustler and the Wheat Belt Review? The

very names are features in the success of the paper—and very attractive features, too. The Silent Echo is the striking but rather pitiful title of the paper published by the deaf mutes in Winnipeg, and Progress is the ambitious cognomen of the organ of the Industrial School for Indian Boys and Girls at Regina. "What's in a name?" A great deal when it is a paper's name. Just a short time ago, when Grand Trunk Pacific officials were prowling around away up the Skeena River in British Columbia—get out your maps; you'll need to know just where that river is some day—they found a newspaper in the lusty infant stage. It had been christened and could crow. The circulation of the Canyon Herald is about four hundred—a dozen paid-up subs among them, and the rest are used for advertising the rich valley of that district. The editor is a Jones and an optimist.

Some of these papers date back a great deal farther than the unthinking would imagine, whose minds are filled with the newness of Western Canada. Of course some of the Pacific Coast papers—now dailies—began as far back as half a century ago, the Colonist, for instance, being first issued in 1858, and the Columbian in 1860. But this was a corner of fairly settled country before anybody thought of settlements on the prairie. Just fifty years ago the first paper appeared in Winnipeg—in fact, before it was Winnipeg. Three adventurous spirits from Ontario undertook to publish the Nor' Wester in Fort Garry in 1859. The printing plant came by way of St. Paul and from that place was brought by ox teams in Red River carts. The first issue appeared between Christmas and New Year, 1859. It was a four page weekly, full of news, for Fort Garry, though small, was the chief post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The pioneer country printing press is that of the Saskatchewan Herald, which has been printed by the Lauries in Battleford ever since 1878. The story of the transportation of that press from Winnipeg to Battleford is an epitome of the vicissitudes of pioneer travelling and carrying in Western Canada. The back files of the Herald shed some interesting light on the early history of that part of the country. In an issue of twenty-five years ago, we get this glimpse of the beginning of the Rebellion of 1885: "Louis Riel is visiting all the settlements at Prince Albert and the South Branch, but so far has given no public utterances of his intentions. Rumor, however, has his work cut and dried for him, and telegrams from Prince Albert to the East give as one ground for the agitation that the Government refuses to recognize the claims of the early settlers to the lands taken up by them long ago, and that in surveying the country all their rights have been ignored. So far from this being the case, the Government has put a blot on the general system of survey by laying out their claims in narrow frontage as the settlers desired."

The Progress of Qu'Appelle has been getting out a weekly edition ever since 1885; the Minnedosa Tribune began two years before that; the Gladstone Age was also born in 1883, and the Neepawa Register in 1884. The Weyburn Herald boasts of being the oldest paper on the Soo Line, and it was established eight years ago. At the other extreme are a bunch of promising yearlings, just starting to write Vol. 2 at the upper left hand corner of page one. A few of these picked out at random from a long list are the Millet Packet, Granium Press, Biggar World, Bowden News and the Stavely Standard. Then there are the Acme News, Kelliher Economist, Kinistino Representative. None of these are yet six months old, and there isn't going to be much infant mortality among them. The Peace River Pilot has the honor of being the newspaper baby born farthest north, over sixty miles from Edmonton.

Some of the notices and advertisements that appear breathe an atmosphere of Western cosmopolitanism and enterprise. "Notice—My store will close on Wednesday at two o'clock and will remain closed until six o'clock on Friday evening, on account of our New Year."

So the Jew in this new land clings to the customs of his forefathers!

This notice speaks for itself and for the push of Western editors:

"For the next week or two, or until after the Fair, owing to harvesting operations claiming a large share of the attention of some of the staff, the Signal will consist of only four pages. Publication of the regular six pages will then be resumed."

There is nothing bigger or more important than the harvest in this country.

"Rand Avay—Von red and vite calf mit his behind legs vas plack. He vas a she calf. Anypoty vot pring dot calf home pays me fife dollar.—Hans Spreckelburger."

Don't ask me to vouch for the authenticity of that one, but I clipped it from a Saskatchewan paper, and it leads up nicely to a paragraph on the papers printed in foreign tongues in Canada West. There are a great many of them:

Icelandic—Logberg, Heimskringla. Freyja (a woman's paper advocating suffrage).

German—Courier, Alberta Herold, Germania, Nordwestern, St. Peter's Pote (published at German Monastery in Saskatchewan), Deutsche Rundschaw.

Swedish—Canada and Canada Posten.

Ruthenian—Canadian Farmer.

Hungarian—Canadian Hungarian.

Polish — Echo Kanadyjskie, Gazeta Polska.

French—Le Manitoba, Le Courrier de l'Ouest.

A unique publication is a paper of sixteen pages (book size). It is published in shorthand by Father Le Jeune for the use of the Chinook Indians along the Fraser and Thompson Rivers of British Columbia. Over five hundred Indians now use this system both for reading and writing, and the good father has found it much simpler to teach than English orthography. This curious little paper is called the Wawa, a Chinook word meaning "talk".

The Motto, that adornment of orthodox journalism, is not entirely missing from the Western weekly. The Grand View Exponent stands for political independence; so does the Alberta Star. The Progress says above the editorials in every issue: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it," which is good enough for others beside editors. "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may," is the uncompromising attitude of the Stonewall Gazette on matters of public interest. The unwritten motto of every one of them is "Boost the community, and don't waste time abusing the rival sheet." Nowhere in the world is there less of petty rivalry and spite among competitive papers. Every established paper in the neighborhood gives a paragraph of welcome to the newest venture and wishes it all good luck. And if fire or other malign agencies make it impossible for a paper to be printed on its own presses, the editor has but to choose from the kindly offers promptly made, which plant he will borrow till his own is running again. The newspaper men feel that there is room for everybody in this big country except for "small" people.

EVONOTA

BY FRANK HOUGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. POTTS

EVONOTA sat in the blazing sunlight, her brown hands locked about her knees, her chin resting upon them, and stared before her with sombre, brooding eyes. Kariok had asked her for the third time that very morning to be his woman, and she had again refused. She told herself that she hated Kariok, and in consequence, his persistence angered her. Her meditations were interrupted by the sudden angry barking of the dogs. Looking up, she perceived the approach of a stranger; in the crook of his right arm he carried a rifle. He walked with the laboured dragging steps of one woefully tired. He was a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed man, with a great breadth of shoulder.

Evonota sprang hastily to her feet, and picking up a long-lashed whip, drove the dogs away.

The man walked up to within a few paces, grounded the butt of his rifle, grinned and said "Good-day" in a harsh voice.

The girl's father, an Esquimaux of middle age, stepped from the group with extended hand, and, to the surprise of the stranger, said in broken English:

"Good-tay, much like 'em, Kabluna, white man."

The Englishman grasping his hand, shook it cordially. He then gave him a little tobacco, telling him that he spoke English well.

"Yes," replied the man, proudly, a grin upon his broad, good-humored face, "I spik him Engleesh goot, my girl, Evonota, spik him Engleesh all same white man. Evonota, me," he placed a broad forefinger upon his chest, "live Churchill, the Bay, six years. Big place Churchill, four houses," he held up the fingers of one hand, "heap big place; you come Churchill?"

The stranger was fain to admit that he had never even seen the place.

After a little more conversation, the Esquimaux said he would call his daughter, and turning, he shouted:

"Evonota!"

Kariok, who stood with the others, caught her by the wrist, and laughingly dragged her forward.

The stranger was at once struck by her appearance. She was tall for an Esquimaux woman, with a fine figure. He noticed, too, the hand hanging limp from the wrist grasped by the young man was small, and the arm, bare to the elbow, beautifully rounded. His glance strayed to her face—it was handsome in an unusual degree; while her eyes were a warm splendour of rich, deep color, beneath finely pencilled brows. Her teeth, which she very generously displayed between her full lips, were even and of a dazzling whiteness. She looked a shy, wild creature, though too brave to run away.

"Your father says you speak English well?" he remarked, with a smile.

"Yes, I speak English very well, I do."

He then told her that he was hungry and asked if she would get him something to eat. She promptly brought him into one of the lodges and began preparing a meal. While she was so employed, he rolled a cigarette and held it up, asking her if she smoked.

"Yes." She nodded, with a questioning glance at the slim white object between his fingers. He lighted and handed it to her. Flashing a comprehensive look, she placed it between her lips and smoked with evident enjoyment.

He ate but sparingly of the food,

though he had much difficulty in restraining himself after his long fast.

She enquired of him his name.

He told her his name was Edward Kennedy. She repeated the name after him, saying that it was a "heap big name."

Next she asked him where his friends were and where he came from. He told her that he was a sailor and came from the Big-water. Finally he asked if he might stay with her people for a time until a ship came to take him away, to which she replied that he might stay as long as he wished.

When Evonota, or Evon, as he quickly got into the way of calling her, told the others that the white man wanted to live with them, they said that it was good.

A few days after his arrival he told Evonota of a boat he had left on the ice floe. He told her that it belonged to him, that if her people treated him well he would give it to them when he left. He also told her of some other things in the boat, which he said they might have now, except a little flag which he would keep.

At the prospective gift of all these riches there was much rejoicing, Evon telling him with great seriousness that they all loved him because he had made them rich.

During that summer Kennedy was guilty of a mistake that nearly cost him his life.

The mistake was his affair with the handsome Esquimaux girl, Evon.

To the man, a product of our civilization, it doubtless was a pleasure, with no after sting to hurt, to wander over the country with Evon ; — in short to spend countless hours, precious as her own life's blood to the girl; hours that to him were a pleasant killing of time, that might otherwise have been too long.

One day in the boat, which the Esquimaux had brought from the floe, Kennedy showed her how to step the mast and signal for a passing vessel, should one appear, by hoisting the little flag he would not part with. He always kept the flag in a locker in the boat.

"Then you will go away?" she said.

He nodded. "Yes, I will go then, Evon."

She did not reply, but sat in silence looking out across the lonely sea.

A few days later Kennedy sat by the lodge smoking and dreaming in the pleasant sunshine. A little way behind it Evon worked on a caribou skin that she was cleaning, and while she worked she hummed an air.

The sudden cessation of her humming and the sound of a man's voice raised in anger attracted his attention. Turning, he saw the man, Kariok, speaking to Evon. He was evidently angry, he spoke loudly, quickly and gesticulated. Evon had risen to her feet and in silence stood before him.

Suddenly the man raised his hand as though to strike her. Kennedy, in the act of springing to his feet, saw Kariok's hand shoot out, the girl seemed to stagger, stepped back, stumbled and fell. The English sailor thought a blow had fallen, he leaped forward, roaring an oath, and raced toward the Esquimau in a gale of fury. He saw the girl leap quickly to her feet, but never checked his pace. Kariok, though a shorter man, was more than Kennedy's size in breadth and weight. As a matter of fact, he had not struck the girl at all, but only pushed her. Even had he struck her, what of it? Esquimaux beat their women and their dogs. He was very soon to learn how such conduct is viewed by an Englishman. Of course, to Kennedy, hampered by civilized ideas, it was a hideous brutality. Kariok faced the racing white man only to receive a fist like a sledge hammer full in the face and to go down before it with a temper sadly ruffled and a broken nose.

"Edward!" screamed the girl. He paid not the smallest heed to her, but still snarling oaths, his blue eyes blazing, he faced the rising man, who with swift agility was on his feet and, drawing a long knife from his belt, rushed the furious sailor, again to measure his length to a second smashing blow. This time he lay still for a few moments, realizing that so long as he was down, for some inexplicable reason, he was safe from that human whirlwind.

EVONOTA SPRANG HASTILY TO HER FEET, AND, PICKING UP A LONG-LASHED WHIP, DROVE THE DOGS AWAY

"Tell the dog to lay down his knife, or I shall kill him."

She never doubted for one instant what he said, and told Kariok, who laid the knife on the ground and rose slowly to his feet. For a moment he faced the white man in silence, murder in his eyes, then walked to his lodge.

Kennedy caught the girl by the wrist.

"Did the brute hurt you, Evon?"

"Hurt me, no." She shrugged her shoulders. "But why did you hit him?"

"Why? He struck you."

"No, Edward, no; he pushed me, that is all. He did not hurt me; I fell."

Again she shrugged her shoulders. It was plainly evident that she thought but little of it.

"But, gracious heavens, wasn't that enough? If he dares so much as to lay a hand on you again I'll kill him, so help me God!"

"Edward, Kariok will kill you for that. Oh, yes."

"Kariok kill me?" he laughed.

"Oh, yes." She spoke calmly, quietly, with no trace of excitement in her voice. "He will take the rifle, he will watch the trail you walk, he will shoot you dead all same caribou. Then me," she pressed her hand to her breast with a gesture full of pathos.

"Don't fear for me, my dear," he said.

Nearly three weeks passed and Kariok made no sign, while Evon watched with the persistent patience of a woman. At length one day Kariok, as he smoked by the door of his lodge, saw the tall white man pass along the trail towards the Big-water with a fishing rod upon his shoulder. Evonota, he knew, was by the lake,

looking for duck's nests. At the sight of the white man and the knowledge of Evonota's absence, his heart was glad. He told himself that the time had come at length for his revenge.

Then he rose slowly to his feet, an evil smile upon his face, and entered the lodge where Evonota's mother sat mending a moccasin, and spoke to her.

"Oh, mother," he said, "four caribou crossed the little trail leading to the Big-water and are even now feeding towards the sun, while the west wind blows strongly enough to beat down the flies. Give me your man's good rifle and I will shoot but once and half the meat is yours."

But she was an artful old woman and loved tobacco dearly, so she said:

"You have tobacco, my son; give me enough to fill my pipe twice so that my heart may sing."

So Kariok, who longed for his revenge, handed her the tobacco and, taking the rifle, passed out of the lodge and followed the trail toward the Big-water.

Across the first little rise, the trail ran round the toe of a hill. A little to the west of it at that place there were some large boulders. Among them Kariok chose a spot where he would be screened from sight. Seating himself and leaning the rifle against a rock in front of him, he thought of his revenge and was happy. About an hour after he had left the lodge Evon returned to it. She noticed at once that the camp was very quiet. Thinking, as she ever did, of the safety of her lover, she called him by name; there was no reply. She stepped quickly to the lodge of Kariok and, by listening, satisfied herself that he was not there. She then entered her own where her mother sat smoking her second pipeful of tobacco. She looked at once for her father's rifle, but it was not to be seen.

Then into her brown eyes there crept a curious gleam. She spoke very quietly to her mother, asking her where the white man had gone.

"He has gone fishing, my child, in the Big-water."

Her voice grew quieter still, ominously quiet as she replied:

"Kariok took the good rifle of my father to kill the deer, which, on this day of wind, feed up it, towards the sun. Is it not so, my mother?"

"It is even as you say, my daughter."

Evon next went to Kennedy's blankets, and from among them she took the little revolver, hid it in her sleeve and passed out once more into the sunlight.

For a girl Evon was fleet of foot. She bent her head a little and raced up the trail towards the Big-water.

She never paused till within a little distance of the toe of the hill when the boulders were in sight.

Then she walked very, very quietly as though stalking a deer, while hidden in her sleeve she carried the revolver.

When nearly opposite the ambush of Kariok, she left the trail and walked on more silently still, straight towards it.

Meanwhile Kariok was very comfortable with a full stomach and his soul at rest. Sitting as he did, out of the wind, the Arctic sun warmed him, so that his thoughts, like his strong, healthy, young body, were very comfortable. He sat with closed eyes, a smile upon his heavy lips, a smile that showed his strong white teeth. Kariok was no fool. Kariok also possessed an imagination. An imagination in a native Esquimau is not an entirely enviable possession. There were times, however, when it entertained him, and just then it did. He was looking, though his eyes were closed, at a picture. It was a picture of a deserted, treeless waste with low undulating, rocky hills. A slight, barely perceptible trail wound among them. In the foreground of the picture there lay a dead sailor man, his sightless blue eyes staring unblinkingly into the blazing sunlight. High on his white forehead there was a little reddish purple mark where a bullet had pierced his skull. Blood flowed slowly from the wound, staining the small stones upon which his head rested. Kariok looked upon the dead man. His smile widened and his soul sang a little song of triumph. His vengeance, which he had nursed so tenderly, was satisfied. He rubbed his nose, with a gentle touch, thoughtfully.

Of a sudden his pleasant day-dreams came to an end. He was startled by a

"KARIOK WILL KILL YOU FOR THAT," SAID EVON

voice. He opened his narrow evil eyes and looked. Evonota stood before him.

"O Kariok," she said. "While resting in the long grass by the lake, I slept and sleeping dreamed that while my mother mended moccasins, you came to her for the rifle of my father to kill caribou, which fed up wind towards the sun. That while you hunted your feet became sore, so that you said: 'The Great Spirit does not wish me to kill his deer; it is better that I should rest.' So you rested, and in my dream I saw just where you rested, so that I could come to you. Now, while you rested evil thoughts came into your heart and darkened it."

Kariok was watching her very closely now; he was interested. While she talked in a gentle voice, she stood before him, about ten feet away; her arms were folded across her breast, so that the left one in its loose sleeve covered a portion of her right hand and what she held in it.

"Then, in my dreams," she continued, "I saw a man walking along the trail towards you. He walked slowly, his eyes upon the ground, so that he did not see you. In his left hand he carried fish which he had taken in the Big-water for his friends.

"I looked again upon you, deep into your heart, which had grown blacker than a dark night in the iglu, when the lamp does not burn. I saw that the man who walked the trail was a white man, tall and straight as the young spruce which grow along the shore of

the distant Ark-i-lin-ik. I saw, too, that his eyes were blue as the home of the Great Spirit."

She paused a moment to look at him more keenly. His eyes wavered a little before her honest, steady glance, but he only said:

"Tell me the rest, Evonota, for it is like a dream that came to me."

She continued in the same quiet voice, which now, curiously, had acquired a thrilling note in its soft tones, so that the man moved a little uneasily in his seat.

"When the white man was very near, I saw you take the good rifle of my father and rest it on a rock before you so that it was very steady, and so resting it, as a child might shoot, you shot the white man who, with generosity in his heart, was carrying fish to his friends.

"When I saw that wicked sight, I awakened and came here very swiftly to ask you to return to your lodge and think no more evil."

Kariok looked at her and his eyes had a cruel glitter in their depth. He knew now that in some way she had discovered his intentions. So he answered her boldly:

"Evonota, the strong white man struck me a great blow in the face, spoiling my nose. Because of that blow he must join his white friends in the home of the Great Silence. Everything now is said."

He settled himself more comfortably as though the conversation were at an end.

"Oh, no, Kariok, it is too early yet for him to join his friends in the last long sleep. Were you to kill him, I, Evonota, would be your enemy. It is not wise to make an enemy of a woman. But I must tell you what I did after my dream. You know the little gun of the white man, how strong it is? You know that a bullet from it will pierce the thick skull of a musk-ox?"

Kariok nodded, watching her. She advanced a pace or two, so that by leaning forward she could have touched him with her hand. She continued speaking, and that queer vibrant thrill in her voice became of a sudden more apparent to him, puzzling his slow mind. Being very ignorant, he did not realize that it was the great spirit of love rising in the woman's soul to protect the man she loved.

"When I knew what you would do, I went into the lodge and from among his blankets I took the little gun and——"

Kariok found himself looking straight into the muzzle of the white man's revolver, distant about six inches.

"Move, Kariok, and you die."

The words were spoken very quietly, very quickly, but there was a menace, like a sharp note of music, in their tones.

Kariok blinked his eyes and looked along the barrel of the little gun and further on he saw the wicked looking hammer cocked, he saw her finger on the trigger. The muzzle never wavered.

"That is well."

She stepped back a pace as she spoke but ever covered him.

"Now, rise up, O Kariok, but move as though to touch that rifle and you shall surely die." Slowly, and with some slight difficulty, for he was stiff, he stood up.

"Now, go away; I will bring my father's rifle."

He hesitated, his face contorted with rage.

"Go, go quickly. Do not anger me or you shall die."

He felt that she would keep her word. He would have to wait another opportunity.

He looked at her in silence for a moment, then turning, walked slowly away.

She watched him until he was lost to view, then picking up the rifle, followed the trail on toward the Big-water and her lover.

She was with him all that day, and in the evening they returned together, carrying the fish.

The weeks of that summer went by pleasantly for Kennedy, and as for Evonota, every minute was precious. Yet Paradise is an evanescent sort of dream at best, and the awakening was bound to come.

One sunny morning Evonota went fishing alone. She had anchored a short distance off shore and settled to

work when suddenly her keen eyes caught something that brought her to her feet with a little cry.

She shaded her eyes with her hand and looked out across the water which danced in countless ripples to a pleasant breeze. For there, plainly before her, on the near sea, heeling over to the wind, sailed a trim schooner under a cloud of snowy canvas, a white wake dancing astern. To the girl, sitting in her little boat, she looked like some strange beautiful white bird upon that lonely northern sea.

A PATHETIC LITTLE FIGURE, ALONE IN THE VAST SOLITUDE

On the course that she was steering she would pass within a quarter of a mile. Evonota sat down again, and with her chin in her hands watched the flying boat. And while she watched, deep down in her heart there waged a fierce fight. Should she signal it, stop it, to lose the one man in all the world to her? It would be so easy to let it sail on and pass like a dream away. He would never know. He would learn to love her as she loved him, in time. The gay, white, flying boat looked a little dim to her just then, for she was looking at it through a mist of tears. She knew that he would go away if she stopped the schooner,—that never, never, never, through the long years would she see his face or hear his voice again. So she sat and fought out her bitter fight, in the little rocking boat, while nearer, ever nearer, sailed the dancing schooner.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet and quickly stepped the mast. She had fought her fight and won. She was of the stuff out of which the Christian God fashions the great ones of this earth, though only a savage.

Next moment she was running the gay little English flag up and down the mast as her lover had instructed her. And standing there in the little boat signalling, she wept bitterly for she knew that she was sending him away. She rubbed the tears from her eyes and looked again. She could see some men on the deck crowding to the side to see the little boat with the dipping flag.

The schooner ran into the wind, she could plainly hear the thrashing of her canvas. A boat was lowered and, pulled by four pairs of sturdy arms, came swiftly towards her. She sat down and watched it in a sombre, brooding silence; perhaps just then, in a weak moment, she was repenting of her haste. It is possible that she may not have realized the splendor of her act, being only a savage. She was weeping no longer, for with a strong effort of will, savoring of the heroic, she had choked back the bitter sobs.

In a few minutes the boat was alongside and the man in the stern eyeing her curiously, though not unkindly, asked her what she wanted. She told him of the sailor. There was something in her voice that he could not quite make out.

She asked him to wait—that she would bring him back immediately. She pushed her boat to the shore, and as its keel grated on the pebbles, she leaped to the beach and ran.

Kennedy was smoking when Evon appeared.

She stood before him panting. For several moments she was unintelligible. Then she blurted it all out.

"Edward. A ship! A ship! Come."

She leaned over him, she clutched his hand, she tugged him to his feet, crying all the while like one distraught, "A ship! A ship!"

He faced her, trembling in his strength.

She all excitement, panted:

"Come, Edward. Come,—a ship! a ship!"

As in a flash in his mind's eye, he saw the living world in comparison with all this savage emptiness. And like one, who, standing on the awful brink, sees all his ill-adventured life, so he beheld, for the first time, all the sordid hopelessness surrounding him, the blue impotency above the wide insentient materialism, the chains that hitherto had bound him now fallen away. His seeing eyes swept the illimitable field, then lowered to those before him with all the love, devotion, heroism burning in their depths. The thought came to him, in all that living outside world would this be his? For one instant a human life, a human soul, swung in the balance. And as Evonota fought out her bitter fight in the little boat, so he stood before her looking down into her eyes, deep wells of constancy and love, and hesitated, but only for an instant. Self, that little wise, ungenerous self, that too often wins now tipped the balance. At length he spoke to her:

"Are you then so eager to be rid of me, Evon?" In a measure he could turn a little of that ungenerous weight upon the woman. It steadied her as nothing else could have done.

She looked at him, and the agony in her gentle eyes wrung his heart.

"Oh, Edward," she murmured, in a tense whisper. She clasped her little brown hands. Then it was his turn to plead hurry.

"Evonota, darling, come," he cried.

She was all eager animation in a moment, one thought alone dominated her mind to the exclusion of all else, she must save her lover.

There was nothing to delay them, all the others were absent. She started and he, following, found it no easy matter to keep up.

Just before they came to the beach a little ridge hid them from the sea. She stopped and turned to him. She put her hands in his and looking up to him, she spoke:

"Edward, you go far, far away, you leave Evonota here. Say good-bye to me, my heart. Kiss me, my Edward, once more upon the lips."

He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again. Slowly, very slowly, she drew away from him—a deep sob tore her throat.

He left her and walked to the top of the ridge, then turned. She stood where he had left her.

She opened her arms, her head thrown back.

"Oh, Edward," she sobbed.

He bounded down the slope again and crushed her in his arms, kissing her soft cheeks all wet with tears, kissing her lips, her hair. Suddenly, as though by an after thought, he took the belt from her waist and with nervous fingers shortened it to hold the holster with the much-prized revolver in it. He buckled it about her waist. He took a handsome gold watch from an inner pocket and forced it into her hands. He told her that his rifle was hers, that he had left it in the lodge. And so he made her rich beyond the conception of her tribe. For the last time he took her in his arms again and kissed her.

In a little time he stood upon the schooner's deck, while from a high point running into the sea Evonota watched the ever-lessening sails.

She sat there, a pathetic little figure alone in that vast solitude, her hands clasped about her knees, her heavy black hair tossed. She remained there until the white sails were but a speck on the distant sea line and faded out of sight.

Slowly she rose to her feet and walked back along the trail, alone, to the lodges of her people.

The King's Wish

By · C · G · Marquis

Illustrated by F·D·Schwalm

José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring. The magic Harp saves José from harm, makes Mother Fedora young again, and guides José to the capital. It wins Lara, a brawny guardsmen, to swear himself to José's service, and makes the entire population of the city fall at José's feet as he stands on the sacred King's stone, and plays. José goes to the Governor's house, under his protection, and his music arouses the envy of the Governor's eldest son, who determines to steal the Harp while José sleeps and play it before the King. In the meantime, enemies of the Governor have ridden posthaste to the King with news of the Governor's treason in permitting José to stand on the sacred stone. The King instantly summons the Governor and José to appear before him and immediately they depart for the royal castle, and are ushered into his presence.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued

OW the King was in ill-humor: first, because the only man he had ever been able to trustfully was accused of being unfaithful to him; he was in ill-humor, too, because the restless night had left him peevish and cross, and his breakfast had not been to his taste, for being a king he dearly loved good eating and good drinking; and, thirdly, he was in ill-humor because he and his queen though sitting side by side would not even speak to each other. He had been irritable, and though he was a king he was still a man, and while the true victims of his anger were approaching he had vented some of his ill-humor on those immediately about him. It was a gloomy court into which the prisoners of state—for such they now were—were ushered. King, Queen, counsellors, guards, all wore brows black as night.

"Bring forward the accusers!" shouted the King.

With triumphant step two of the most powerful citizens of the King's domain stepped before their monarch. Each hated the Governor and had long waited for an opportunity to do him an injury with the hope that his high office would fall to them, and now the opportunity had come. He was soon to be humbled in the dust. Nay more! that head, which as he passed them by, was held erect with such haughty scorn, would soon be lopped from his shoulders.

The Governor saw the look of hate and triumph in their eyes, but no shadow of fear was on his face,

The King, too, saw it, and likewise the Governor's bold, straightforward glance, which won his admiration. He had trusted this man beyond all men, he could still trust him. This rumor, these accusations, could not be true, and so with an angry voice he exclaimed: "Traducers of this righteous man, now that he is before you, repeat the story you dinned into my ears last night."

But they had no fear.

"O, Most Mighty King!" they began in chorus—

"One at a time! You, Sirrah, poured forth the tale last night; your comrade in falsehood can relate it now, and if your story varies from his by so much as a word, off goes your head."

"There is little to tell, O Most Mighty Monarch! Last night at sunset I entered the great square and saw this wretched lad standing on the great stone of our people; around him crowded the men, the women, the children of our city; the houses were empty, the shops were left unattended, the stalls stood without watchers. All worshipped him with their faces in the dust as though he were already King. Suddenly into the square galloped this man, whose duty—"

"Never mind his duty!" interrupted the King. "I know his duty!"

"Suddenly into the square galloped this man, who instead of striking down the sacrilegious intruder, cast his sword at his feet, uncovered his head, and fell in the dust as though he were in the presence of the King."

"Why didst not thou and thy fellows fall upon him and rend him?"

"O Most Mighty Monarch! So strange was the music and the sight that for a moment we were as if under a spell, but when the music ceased and our senses returned to us, we were fain to reverence thy laws. Many tried to strike down this devil's child—for such we deem him—but this man called for his guard and with spear and battle-axe protected him from our rage and led him straight to his own palace. Naught could we do but hasten to thee with our tale, lest rebellion should arise and find thee unprepared, and our reward is these chains that clank at our wrists; but," he continued humbly, "that matters not so long as thou art warned and the danger to thy crown and life is averted."

The King looked sharply at the hypocrite, but there was as much humility in his mien as in his words, and he was deceived.

"Humph"! he said, "Thou seemest to speak truth, and yet I have known thee to be false. We shall see." Then turning to his Governor he added: "Is this tale true or false?"

"True, O King!"

"What! You saw this wretch standing on the stone where never yet stood foot save that of king or prince and did not strike him down?"

"True! O Mightiest Monarch!"

"And you protected him from the crowd with your imperial guard?"

"True! Though he needed not my protection; he has powers beyond our ken. Our small guard would have made but feeble resistance to the mob, but he was greater than even the crowd or our soldiers.

The King's eyes opened wide as he looked from his Governor to the swarthy, ragged, urchin that stood before him clutching his precious harp. At first he was inclined to believe the Governor mad or joking; but he was in no laughing humor.

"Where spent he the night?" he asked sharply.

"In my palace, in the Prince's room, O Noble King!"

"In the Prince's room!" shouted the King. "Treason! Treason! To the block with him! To the block with him! Wouldst have placed him on our throne next! You did well, knaves, to bring me tidings of this rebel's doings. To the block with him!"

As he spoke his faithful attendants, obeying his nod, seized the Governor on either hand; but he showed no signs of wavering.

"Before thou doest thy will on me, O King, behold this! If I am guilty others have sinned with me. Thou seest this wallet with the name graven on its clasp,—my accuser's name!

This too was found at the feet of the lad. A week ago he could not pay his rightful taxes to his Monarch, and now he can cast ten times the amount at the feet of him whom I, forsooth, am accused of trying to place on thy throne. And this jewelled dagger long the wonder of our citizens. Well, thou knowest, O Monarch, that it was the property of this my other accuser. If I am guilty they too are equally guilty. These were found among the treasures showered upon the musician by the enraptured citizens.

"Off with their heads!" shouted the monarch in black wrath. "Off with their heads! Traitors all! and you knave," he said, turning angrily upon Lara, "What art thou doing here? Why art not at thy gate? Did I not bid thee hold that post under penalty of death, and that penalty thou shalt receive."

"'Tis well! O Most Mighty King," said Lara bowing; but I have sworn with your permission, to serve only this lad and his instrument."

"Thou hast, villain! Traitor! Treason! To the block with him!"

During this questioning and this exhibition of anger on the part of the monarch, José stood shaking with fright. He had been eager to meet the King, but a million times he had wished himself back in the mud hut on the hillside. Fedora might threaten to take off his head, but here was a man who not only threatened, but could command that such a noble man as the Governor, such a sturdy soldier as Lara, should be taken to the block, and who, moreover, had his attendants at hand to see that his commands were carried out. He felt his own turn must come very soon, and he had not long to wait.

The King turned on him with angry look and fiercely asked: "Thy name, knave?"

"José!"

"José what?"

"Only José."

"What did'st do?"

"Watched sheep!"

"'T'were well with thee hadst thou stayed with thy sheep. Thou must die! But who sent thee hither?"

"He who gave me this harp."

As he spoke, José drew the black covering from his precious instrument, just as the sun broke through the clouds that were hanging over the fortress. As the monarch's eye fell upon it he shouted in rage, "Seize him! Smash his harp into a thousand pieces."

Several guards with raised axes leaped forward to do his bidding, while Lara laughed grimly as he thought of the surprise that was in store for them; but before they could strike either José or his harp he had touched the strings with loving fingers and they leaped to life, to song. At the first note the raised axes fell to the ground, the anger died from the King's brow and the smile came back to the Queen's face. On and on José played a song of forgiveness.

He forgot about the danger threatening himself; he only knew that his friends, the Governor and Lara, were ordered to their deaths. He willed that the King should forgive them, should pardon them; and the harp rang forth his will. The spell seized all; they forgot themselves, their surroundings, everything; and when at last his hands fell to his sides the King rose from the royal chair.

"All are pardoned," he cried. "The new thing has been found: the King's Wish has been granted him. Ye did well to do obeisance to this more-than-earthly musician."

"Down knaves!" he added, to the two citizens that had been in such haste to destroy the Governor. "Down! and crave your lives of the chief of your city."

His words were unnecessary. They had already thrown themselves at the Governor's feet.

"But," meditated the King, "how will I escape the gibe of not maintaining my kingdom's laws? I can pardon my Governor and Lara, and these knaves; they were condemned by my own words, but this lad—is it not written that he who stands on the sacred stone which fell from heaven as the footstool for our first great king, is it not written that he who stands on the sacred stone, be he not king or prince, must pay the penalty with his life."

All this while the Queen had been gazing with affectionate eyes on the strange lad, and her woman's wit came to the rescue. She turned to her husband and whispered to him a few swift words.

"'Tis well! 'Tis well! Thou hast saved us," said the King. "The beggar dies, and the new thing shall stay in our kingdom."

His words fell on the ears of the Governor and Lara and José, causing them to have strangely mixed feelings. He threatened death, but his tones said that he meant life.

CHAPTER X.

All was bustle and confusion in the hill fortress for the next two hours. The King had decided that this matter must be ended by sundown, and that the just and fitting place to conclude it was in the Royal Square in the city where the offense had occurred. That it was to be no trifling matter was evident to all by the extent of the preparations for the journey. The Royal Guard was ordered out to a man, and as they sat on their beautiful white Arabs in the vast courtyard on either side of the splendidly caparisoned steed that awaited the King, José began to realize that the tales that had come to him over the far mountains of his sovereign's might and magnificence were no idle stories told by a winter's fire, but that the reality far surpassed even his wildest dreams. Behind this fine company of horsemen assembled a mighty army of foot soldiers. The whole square appeared packed from fortress wall to outer gate with warriors gleaming in rich armour, straight as forest pines, strong as oaks.

José was not the only one who wondered at the extensive preparations. The soldiers themselves could not understand why they had been called out in such force, and why only a few of their comrades were left upon the watch towers.

The Governor of the city was equally amazed. Could the King still have doubts of his loyalty; and was he going forth ready to slay all who showed the slightest sign of disloyalty! But no, that was impossible, for behold he was coming forth accompanied by his Queen, and she never went with him to scenes of battle or blood. His amazement increased when he saw the keeper of the Crowns following in his rear; and it grew still greater when behind this officer came the two keepers of the royal wardrobe. Was he dreaming? What could it all mean? The excitement of the day had left him tired and exhausted,—could it be that he slept? But the King's voice roused him.

"Sir, this is the first time thou hast ever appeared before me without thy sword since I gave it thee. It shall be restored to thee, and never let me see thee before me unless it be girded upon thy thigh."

With these words he beckoned to a mounted officer—the one who had borne the warning message to the Governor—and bade him speed to the Governor's palace and bring to the Royal Square in the city the sword without which the Governor was but as any ordinary citizen. Scarcely was the message given when like a bolt from a cross-bow the messenger sped through the hastily-opened gates, and down the narrow path between the towering hills. After him slowly followed the cavalry, the crown and wardrobe bearers, the King and Queen and their guards, and the host of foot soldiers.

Usually the King was the centre of attraction when he went forth in state, but on this occasion José who sat in front of Lara drew the attention of all. The Governor had been pardoned, his false accusers had been forgiven, the life of this lad alone was in danger. The law demanded his death, and yet the state executioner was not with them. He had been left behind to mope over the victims who had escaped (for when he had heard of the Governor's act he had, though he thought well of the Governor, exulted in the thought that at length he would be able to try his skill on a worthy head) and to sharpen his axes.

They could only wonder and wonder; but the merry face of their monarch and the smiling eyes of their usually sad queen told them that nothing of a very serious nature could be about to

occur, unless some disturbance should arise among the populace.

Soon they were out of the hills, and the vast city lay in the valley bright and beautiful in the afternoon sun. The sentries on the gates had seen them afar off, and soon everyone was aware that the King, with not only his guard, but his foot soldiers as well, was drawing nigh. Fear seized the citizens. They knew that the King had heard of their treasonable acts of worship to the sacrilegious musician; and they deemed that he was coming to make an example of them.

All were equally guilty, all feared for their necks. Punish every sinner he could not, for that would leave him with but few subjects in his most important city. So the rich and powerful thought he would slay them to show his strength and to confiscate their estates; and the poor and worthless thought they would be taken as they could be most easily spared; as a result all were thoroughly alarmed and miserable as the king's army like a devouring dragon wound down the long road.

When the gate guardians saw the long line approach, the heavy gates were swung shut and the ponderous drawbridge reared itself creaking and groaning high above the cavernous moat. The law of the city demanded that when an armed body approached, be it friend or foe, the city should be placed on the defensive until the trumpet challenged the gate; and so, though all knew full well that it was the King who drew nigh, the usual preparations were made even to the drawing up of the bowmen with arrows on their bow strings at every loop hole.

Soon a trumpeter galloped at full speed from the approaching force, nor did he rein his steed till he reached the broad moat. Then he sent forth a long, commanding blast. The King spoke through him, and as his notes echoed along the wall and far through the distant hills, the bowmen thrust their arrows into their quivers, the axemen lowered their shining weapons, the keeper of the bridge pressed the levers and the great draw-bridge swung out and down; and by the time the first of the cavalcade had reached the trumpeter the huge wings of the gate swung open and the broad way into the populous city stretched before the King.

It looked not as it usually did when His Majesty visited his capital. The city guard lined either side of the road, but otherwise it was empty. On former visits it had been no easy task to keep the vast throng from crowding in upon the royal party. Now, however, terror and uncertainty possessed all. Many had concealed themselves in their houses; shop-keepers and the keepers of stalls, went about their business as though they were in no way partners to the general sacrilege; and even the toilers on the walls—rude fellows from the low country by the sea and from the hills—looked not up from their work. All had sinned in not striking down the offender, and each one felt that he might be made to suffer for the sin. So the King reached the great Royal Square and the sacred stone, where stood its guards with quaking hearts.

Behind the great stone the King drew up his trusted troops in battle array and then sent his trumpeter to summon all the citizens to his presence. Old and young must come; woe to him who should stay away! Through the streets and lanes galloped the trumpeter ringing the King's command to all, and soon the square began to fill with rich and poor, old and young, men and women. If the silence had been ominous before, it was a hundred fold more so now. The square was packed with a sea of faces gazing in terror at the King, in wonder and hate at José who had drawn down on them the wrath of their monarch,—and not a little intensity was added to their hate as they thought of the valuables which they had cast at his feet the day before.

When the King felt that all were assembled his trumpeter pealed forth a note demanding silence, and the whispering and the very breathing seemed to cease. Then the monarch rose on the sacred stone and his kingly voice sounded like a trumpet through the broad square, while all stood with uncovered and bowed heads.

"My people!" he said, "a sin has

been committed against our laws, a sin that cannot be forgiven; and in that sin you are all more or less guilty." (At this a groan rose from a thousand throats). "But I have pardoned the Governor, the guards and you."

"Long live our King!" burst in upon his speech, and it was not until the trumpet again demanded silence that he could make himself heard.

"But our laws must be kept. It reads, death to anyone not a prince or king who stands upon the sacred stone. Yesterday a stranger, not a prince or king, stood where I now stand. What shall be done with him, O my people?"

"Let him die! Let him die! Let his blood be shed!" rose from the vast concourse.

"So be it!" and as José heard the fatal words his heart died within him; but Lara whispered to him, "Fear nothing, a smile plays about the King's mouth, and when he slays his brow is ever like a thunder cloud ready to burst."

"But," continued the King, "we must first hear him. Let him stand where he stood yesterday, and repeat his offense, and then I will hand him over to you who sinned with him."

The King then stepped from the stone, and commanded José to take his place. Slowly, with trembling limbs he ascended and faced the vast concourse. Hatred scowled from every face about him and angry murmurs, growls, and hisses arose on all sides like the sound of the sea on a rocky beach at the first approach of storm. He heeded this for but a moment. Quickly he drew the covering from his instrument, and mid that sea of angry sound, which even the King begun to dread, for he had signalled to his captains to be ready to press back the mob, José began to gently stroke the chords. He had been given over to this crowd, he would soften their hearts, so he willed, and as he willed he played. Gently the music swelled out till all were awed into silence, gently he played till pitying tears for his youth came to every eye; then he swayed and rocked as his young fingers clanged out the full song of pardon. He made them feel that they had been forgiven and now that he was in their power they must save him. Nor did he cease till he knew that there was no man or woman present but would gladly die for him; and then with a closing ringing chord that seemed to say, pardon him, O King! he stopped playing; but before the strings had ceased quivering from his touch the whole populace fell prostrate on their knees, crying, "Pardon him, O King!"

Their voices swelled forth in a mighty chorus, but the King sternly replied: "It is impossible. A law is a law, and unless he be crowned a prince he must die."

With the same enthusiasm as at first the crowd replied "Crown him, O King! We cannot but obey one sent from heaven."

"Consider well, O people, what ye do! If I crown him then will he have power of life and death over you. But as you say he may indeed be heaven-sent. I stand before you sonless, without kith or kin. My crown when I die must go to strangers: and doubtless heaven has sent this lad, with power such as no king ever wielded, to aid me in ruling a turbulent people, and perchance to take the sceptre from my hand when I can no longer hold it. Consider well what ye do, O people! Shall the beggar die, and shall a prince stand in his place?"

"Crown him, O King," rose the vast cry. "Crown him, crown him! We accept him as our prince, our ruler!"

From the troop of astonished horsemen the King beckoned his crown-bearers and the keepers of the wardrobe, and bade them get ready for the coronation.

First they produced a pair of golden shoes, and slipped them on José's naked feet; then a white robe richly embroidered, symbolical of purity and strength of purpose was cast about his shoulders and fastened at his waist with a silken girdle.

All this made him look very fine indeed, but made him likewise very hot and uncomfortable, but princes have to endure things that are not suffered by ordinary mortals.

Robed in the coronation robe, and with the coronation shoes on his feet

he looked every inch a prince; and the people forgot that underneath that gorgeous garb was a ragged urchin like unto the boys who begged or piped through their streets from morn till night. The ceremony was not over, however. The King then bade him kneel and took with his own hand a plain circle of gold and resting it on José's black, curly locks, cried in a loud voice so that all present might hear him, "Rise, O Prince! Learn well to obey thine own laws and this people shall obey thee."

The King, as was the custom, paused, and looking over the vast crowd awaited their reply. Suddenly every right hand was raised, and the cry, "We will! We will! We swear it!" rang forth.

"BUT YESTERDAY WORTH ONLY TWO SHEEP," HE SAID TO HIMSELF, "AND TO-DAY HONORED BY A WHOLE PEOPLE"

On the instant the trumpeter sent forth a mighty peal, and lo! José was next to the King in authority; and José then realized the truth of the mountain musician's words, "You are master of the grandest instrument in the world."

So long had the march to the city, the assembling of the citizens, and the coronation taken that already the day was far spent, and the sun was casting its level rays across the earth; but before they could leave this sacred spot another ceremony had to be performed.

The Governor, by casting his sword at José's feet on the previous day had forfeited his right to rule the city, and so the King commanded the messenger he had so hurriedly dispatched from

his castle to give Prince José the sword and bade the Governor kneel at his feet. As the Governor obeyed, José blushed for very shame. He knew not how to act, and yet he must act as a prince. Words would not come. As he saw the Governor at his feet, he remembered his nobility, his truth, his kindness, his wisdom; and with a clear voice he cried! "Take it, and rule as thou hast ever ruled!"

"Nobly said," broke in the King. "He is indeed a Prince."

The sun was now slowly sinking beneath the horizon, but before it disappeared from view José seized his instrument, tore from it the silken covering and played a song of triumph and thanksgiving. The people listened in rapt amazement; the King even uncovering his head in the presence of a power mightier than his own. At length, however, the sun sank beneath the distant hills and the music softly died away. As before the people cried out, "Play on!" and even the King uttered the cry; but José smiled and covering the sacred harp stepped from the stone feeling himself a prince and conqueror indeed.

Now the royal forces made ready to return to the King's mountain stronghold, but José was not to return as he had come. As Prince he was entitled to a seat in the royal car with the Queen, and there he took his place, much to the regret of Lara.

The crowd would fain have followed the magic harper and their King through the city; but before he gave the command to advance the trumpeter sent out a blast commanding all to disperse to their occupations; and soon the broad square was as silent and empty as when they had entered it.

As the citizens talked over the strange occurrences of the day they showed great difference of opinion as to the musician. One had noticed, as the white robe fell about the lad's shoulders, white wings; while another as he raised his little brown foot for the golden shoe was equally sure that he had seen a cloven hoof. But be he devil or angel he was their prince by their own repeated wish and they must obey him.

That night as Jos lay awake in a gorgeous room in the high castle strange were the thoughts that flashed through his mind. But yesterday worth two sheep, he said to himself, and to-day honored by a whole people, living as the King lives; servants, soldiers, statesmen, to do his behests. It could not be; it was all a dream! But then he remembered the splendid meal he had had, the luxurious bath; the servants who anointed his body and the rich robes that were given him; and he knew it was all true. But these things he must not love; he must be faithful to the giver of them; and with this thought he slept, nor did he wake until morning burst upon the world.

CHAPTER XI.

Now José was a prince, and the realization of this fact seemed to work a change in his nature. He must no longer be the idle dreaming lad who had played and slept and eaten and bathed his hot tired feet in the living waters of his mountain streams. A prince he was and a king he might be; and to be worthy of such a high position, such responsibility, he must become like a king in character. But how could he do this?

At first he thought of his harp. It would grant his every wish, but when he tried to wish he knew not what to wish; for what a king knew, what a king did, what a king desired, he understood but vaguely. And now it dawned upon him that while his harp could grant him much there were many things he must get by his own exertions. What was beyond his human faculties his harp could grant him, but not what he could do for himself. A prince in deed as well as in name he would become, and so like a wise lad he determined to watch the king and queen, and to make an effort to grow like them.

But how could he leave his harp when engaged in his tasks. This difficulty was soon removed. In his room a case of triple steel, decorated with gold and silver ornaments, was constructed for him, and Lara, who was now his faithful body servant, watched over it in his absence. Not that the harp needed such protection, for no

hand save José's dare rest upon it; but so much of the human clung to José that he could not fully realize this, and even when it was so protected and guarded he would frequently rush to his chamber to see if all were well with his treasure.

In the meantime, his education went on. He realized that a prince must be clean in body; that it would not do to go from morning till night, and indeed often for days at a time without a bath, and so he submitted himself to his attendants who bathed and anointed him and clothed him in robes heavy with ornaments, rich and beautiful, and at first very uncomfortable.

What a change this new life worked in José. How beautiful he seemed in his new apparel! The King and Queen gazed upon him in wonder. Unused to luxury, having lived in the open air, he had about him something of the freshness and wild beauty of a mountain flower. As they saw him wearing his honors so well, they felt that no mistake had been made, that he was not only a god-sent musician but a heaven-sent prince as well. But it was not sufficient that José should move like a prince and look like a prince; he must be a prince indeed; and this was not easy. He knew much about Nature; the songs of birds, the flowers, the rocks, the changing hues of the sky were familiar to him; but there his knowledge ended. This wisdom would avail him but little when the time came for him to take his place in the councils of the nation, and so it was necessary that the greater world of learning should be opened to him. Tutors, the most learned in the land, came at the King's bidding to prepare him for his life's work. At first he hated the dull monotony of the parchments he had to learn to read; but when he realized how much such knowledge meant to him he went to work with a will, and as new truths came to him, as new light shone upon the world of nature and of man, he knew not which he delighted in most—the wonder-working harp that had been given him with which he could do such marvels, or the wonder-working learning that opened to him such vast worlds, ever opening, ever broadening.

As he grew in years, he grew in wisdom and a desire for knowledge, and for this the Queen loved him more and more. The King would have had it otherwise. He cared but little about the dry and musty parchments that José delighted to pore over. He would have had him spend more of his time in what he deemed kingly pastimes—tilting and riding, hunting and archery. He would have had him learn to delight in the clash of sword against sword, and to smile when the blood flowed from the gaping wound. But José's nature shrank from such things and the King had to be satisfied.

He had his wish. The new thing had come to him and stayed with him, ever new. No matter what mood he was in, no matter what care weighed upon him he could find comfort, solace, forgetfulness in the strange music that had ennobled his life, soothed his weary body and brain, softened his heart, and gave him a wisdom beyond his fellow monarchs.

Through the years José played and played, and his fame was spread abroad to all nations. Pilgrims came from afar to wonder or worship; for many deemed him heaven-sent, and while the sun was in the heavens he never refused to bless mankind with his gift. As the years went by he learned to realize his power. He understood what the old harper meant when he said it was the Harp of the Sun. What the Sun was to Nature, its music was to man. As the flowers burst into bloom, the trees into leaf, the fields into green beauty beneath the beneficent rays of the lord of day, so it could bring peace, beauty and happiness to all lives that came under its sway.

But it could do other work than this. Once a great chief came to do homage to his King, while in his black heart he meant to plot his ruin. So well did he dissemble that all were deceived save José, and when he was urged to play in his presence, at first he refused; and the entreaties of the Queen or the frowns of the King could not make him change his resolution; but an ironical

word from the traitor made him smite his instrument with angry fingers, and play as he had never played before. A fierce, passionate, angry cry throbbed from his instrument, and before he had finished, the traitor was on his knees confessing his guilt and the guilt of his associates in a base plot to murder his monarch and usurp the throne. But for José his confession would have cost the conspirators their lives. The King was only a king, but José craved as a boon that the chief's life and the life of his companions in crime should be spared. The King granted the boon, and the crest-fallen chief went to his own distant district to spread still more the marvels of the musician prince, and to watch the King's interest and to labor for his King as he had never done before.

With each triumph of his will and harp, José's soul grew stronger and his heart happier, and with strength and joy he had but one desire to make all men like himself; but this seemed impossible. While he was still young and untempted by the world a power had been given him on which he could lean when the heart burned with ambition and the eye coveted what it saw. He was not forced like the King and his Queen to depend on himself for strength. As he grew to manhood, he pitied them more and more in their struggle after the peace of soul that was his continually. He pitied his Queen most of all. Her hair was turning white with years, her cheek had lost its youthful freshness, and she went about as one burdened with a load of sorrow.

Such was indeed the case. José, when by his art he had charmed her spirit from darkness to sunshine, had often asked her to tell him why his instrument could not banish her grief permanently; and why it was that often her sighs were heaviest when he had played his best and strongest. But she would never answer him by words; and would only bend over him and kiss him on the brow as though trying to fill a void in her heart.

Once, however, when the King had been on a long journey to a far sovereign, and she had been left much in José's company, she realized that he was no longer a mere child, but a man capable of sharing her secret thoughts, and so when he for the thousandth time asked her to tell why, when the whole earth seemed so happy, when she had so much to make her glad—a noble husband, a loyal people, riches without comparison, she was often in tears—she turned to him and bidding him lay his harp aside, told him why no day passed without her grief finding expression in tears, and why it was that she would not leave this mountain palace, but stayed there even during the gloomy winter months, when the sunny valley homes called to her to come and enjoy them. She had had a sweet child, a little girl, who, had all been well, would have been about José's age. She had made an idol of her little one; she had never been out of her thoughts, and as she said it, she gave a deep sigh that made José wish he had power to bring back the dead. But the mother, going on with her story, said that one hot summer's day Isabel, tired with play, fell asleep on the sward in front of the castle while the streaming sun beat down upon her. When she was discovered, all their efforts could not rouse her; and when the leech was called, he pronounced that though she was not dead, she was beyond his skill.

"In the bitterness of my grief," said the Queen, "I commanded him to save her life or to the block he would go. Save her life he did; but for what a fate! For days, for weeks he toiled over her, but she only lay as one in a trance; at last her eyes opened, and I looked upon her with love and spoke to her, but no recognizing look met mine. Instead, a wild stare, a stare as of madness! She was mad, and the leech declared that though her life was saved, her reason he could not save. That was beyond his skill."

To be continued

PLAYING TAG WITH THE BOUNDARY

BY CLYDE ALISON MANN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

MOST of us think of international boundary lines as heavy red streaks on a map, between a pink country and a yellow one. The boundary between Alaska and Canada, for instance, is only a sketchy stripe off in the northwest. Most of us have a vague idea that somebody has to go out there and set up some stakes or monuments or something, but whether that can be done best in an automobile or on foot, or whether it requires an airship most of us don't care a hang.

We can thank our stars that we aren't on the Alaska boundary location job. It needs airships and parachutes and the governments don't supply them. Consequently the task involves negotiating about the sheerest, rockiest, primevalest string of mountains on the pink and yellow, blue and green maps of this continent. But, of course, somebody has actually to run a line, has to get into old clothes, and hobnailed boots and break through the wilderness with transit and level to make a boundary that corresponds with treaty specifications. The specifications agreed upon by the boundary commission which "sat" in London about six years ago, changed the Canada-Alaska limits, and since the matter was settled, parties of engineers, one for the Dominion and one for Uncle Sam, have been setting British Columbia's fences over a jog into Alaska's back yard. It is a strenuous job with few things to enliven it but occasional bears, frequent exploits in climbing and some most amazing scenes enacted some six thousand feet below the camp on the summit.

The goings-on in Bear River valley under the observation of the "boundary party" have been altogether miraculous. The boundary line, you should understand, runs up the steep slope of the Alaska Mountain at the head of Portland Canal, a natural waterway, the midchannel of which is the boundary for over a hundred miles. North of the Portland Canal is the Bear River and its valley between precipitous mountains.

Some men found gold in the mountains thereabouts, and since then the results have been about as surprising as those related in "The Arabian Nights Tales," when Aladdin rubbed a greasy, brass lamp or when another chap sat on a magic carpet and was whisked at will to far places in Arabia. Like magic, the Alaskan foreshore swarmed with men, a town sprang up overnight, and a railway is scattering the amazed grizzly bears to the fastest fastnesses they can find, with growls of terror.

Naturally, the survey party takes a professional interest in one feature of the case which relates to that international line from Portand channel to the first high mountain peak and thence from peak to peak to old Mount St. Elias, a long way further north and west. The 'line makes Canada the owner of a prize beyond Aladdin's genii to conceive, a new district as full of great ore ledges as a plum pudding is full of raisins. Alaska's fences are just outside, barely missing the treasure by a narrow margin.

Only a few months ago there were but two log cabins, a board shack and transiently a tent or two nearly hidden in the timber in Bear River valley. Then the surveyors saw the magic town

begin to appear. As streets were opened and lots cleared they saw a swarm of men set to building a railroad up the valley and a trestle across the tide flats to the deep water. That railroad, by the way, may become the terminal on the Pacific Coast of the Canadian Northern Railway System. They saw frequent steamships appear and discharge cargoes of lumber, mining machinery, boxes, barrels and horses, and they saw also long strings of loaded pack horses set out on a road up the valley, cross a long new bridge over Bear River and disappear in the timber. Near there and beyond frequent muffled blasts on the mountain rock told of the determined delving of men for new-found treasures. Glacier Creek Canon is daily cannonaded and American Creek and Bitter Creek are under fire. The railroad is being built to haul the ores to the tidewater.

The camp's beginnings date from a chapter of disappointment. Back in 1898, a pert little steamship from Seattle came smudging up the canal between the snow smothered mountains, men dressed for prospecting at her rail intently gazing at the peaks rising abruptly 6,000 and 7,000 feet above them on either side. The steamer was the "Discovery," which went down off the coast of Alaska a few years ago with scores of passengers. Slowly she crept toward the rocky headland of the mountain range which now is called "the Alaska side," tied up to trees and dumped ashore an aggregation of men and equipment, which still is known as the "Bunco Party," for which reason the headland still is and probably ever will be "Bunco Point."

That was on the ninth of May twelve years ago, and the Argonauts, whom an old trapper, William Bridges, had piloted to that district were the first to enter those silent solitudes on the hunt for gold. Bridges had visited Seattle with convincing tales of placer diggings in the Nass River, just east of the Bear and of the Portland Canal. It is sure that he agreed to show the diggings to members of the party he recruited for twenty-five dollars for each claim staked, and it is almost as certain that he also agreed that in case of his failure to make good he was to be the willing and conspicuous figure in a lynching bee.

Anyway Bridges began to worry from the moment his party went ashore. They found ten feet of snow, which made their twenty-six head of horses useless for toting the provisions and camp equipment. The "Discovery" expeditiously unloaded, got under way and left them with a shrill blast from her whistle that dismally reverberated again and again up the valley. From that moment it was "up to Bridges" to find the Nass and the gold as fast as possible. He was reminded frequently while the snow prevented travel that there "was plenty of rope in the party." Whatever his inspiration for the placer gold theory (which since has been discredited time and again), Bridges hoped he was right, for he knew he was watched day and night, and that Argonauts were inclined to impulsiveness after wallowing for a month in such depths of snow.

Finally a start was made and Bridges led the long procession past Glacier Creek, where now are mines with known ore running into millions of dollars, past Bitter Creek, where are other mines and located ledges, and up American Creek past sheer mountain rock that now is known to be, in one case, solid gold-copper ore, and in another ore of such values and quantities that it has been sold for development at $250,000. But this wealth the "Bunco Party" missed.

Travel became harder, Bridges' case more critical. "Dust or dip," was the slogan—meaning gold dust for the party or a dip from a tree for Bridges. Some of the men were old prospectors, but many were tenderfeet and unsympathetic. One of the pioneers of the California, the Kootenay and the Cariboo placer booms, "Old Snow," showed Bridges sympathy, and together they devised a ruse by which a little later Snow and Bridges disappeared in the dark of a subarctic night. Then the party split up, and in a short time most of the members left the district. "Old Man" Rainey and "Pap" Stewart were the two who, liking the looks of the region, stayed

A SMART SUBURBAN VILLA IN THE MOST FASHIONABLE PART OF TOWN

THE MOUNTAIN BOY MINE HANGS BETWEEN SEA AND SKY ON THE SHOULDER OF A HILL

and kept staying, and are now among the ones who have made fortunes.

When the "Bunco Party," led by the troubled Mr. Bridges, set out from "Bunco Point," it was held officially that the Alaska boundary line ran from mid-channel in the Canal north to the fifty-fourth parallel, thence in a northwesterly way to the first high mountain peak, and from peak to peak of those northerly ribs of the Rockies. But Bridges and his satellites supposed they were in Alaskan territory, for most of them were Americans—Rainey was from Michigan and "Pap" Stewart was a strapping stalwart from Missouri. In fact, in 1902, Rainey staked a homestead claim, where the town of Stewart is now growing, under the land laws of the United States. Many mining claims, including some of the "big strikes," were first staked under United States laws and later restaked in the Dominion. The discoverers gained by the change of boundary, because the size of the Dominion claim is much more liberal. And the Dominion has gained the ore treasures and the whole Bear River valley, Stewart townsite and all.

Moreover, the Province of British Columbia netted over $430,000 for its quarter of the lots of the original townsite, which was platted by "Jack" and "Bob" Stewart (to use their familiar names in the camp) and associates.

Beyond "Bunco Point," on tide flats over which floats the Stars and Stripes of the American boundary survey party, is the cluster of fifty-odd cabins, tents and stores, which is probably the only United States town entirely on stilts, Portland City. For all of them stand some twelve feet high on platforms atop of piles, and high tides reach the platform joists. When the Fourth of July dance was given in the new store building, Captain Morse and his party carried hip boots for the return trip, but a phenomenal summer tide drove them to boats. Such a town has plenty of excitement in it for parents.

"Johnny has fallen in," is the cry that has called more than one anxious pater. They keep a boat hook, a rope and a life preserver as household necessities in Portland City. One lad held the record of having been rescued five times between April and July.

From this town of Portland City up the ridge of the mountain is a cleared strip which marks the beginning of the permanent Canada-Alaska boundary line, the sixty-foot strip that is "No Man's Land". For many years to come the surveyors will be at work locating the rest of it, climbing, blazing, crossing glaciers, scaling such peaks as can be scaled, building monuments, getting altitudes and mapping a region which now is unmapped and generally unknown. Following those summits they are sure of an occasional shot at mountain goat and of many surprises by bears, of clothing soaked by almost continuous rain and drenching underbrush, of hardship and hazard—and regular, inadequate pay.

The hunt for placer gold, begun by the Bunco Party, was kept up until 1902. In February of that year, "Pap" Stewart and Rainey, plus "Pap's" son Mart and Billy Noble—Noble had brought them in a fishing boat from the Nass River—struggled through six feet of snow up to Bitter Creek, where they panned the icy water for six days and were rewarded by the magnificent sum of ten cents in gold. On the way they spent a night surrounded by timber wolves whom they kept at bay by means of a roaring fire, each moment uncertain when the fire might fail longer for their protection, for their only weapon was a shotgun with four rusty cartridges.

When their search for river gold was halted by the Bitter Creek fiasco, these four men set to following up some clues secured by a negro, Cook, of the Bunco expedition, with the result that in June, 1902, Noble had located claims at Maple Bay, from which he shipped 15,000 tons of ore that assayed over $15.00 per ton, claims which have been bought for a huge sum by D. D. Mann, who is building the railroad up Bear River valley. "Pap" Stewart and his son also located a group of claims he called the "American Girl Group," up American Creek, which he has sold to Mr. Mann for $250,000. Rainey located ore ledges on Bitter Creek, which with loyalty equal to "Pap's

he named the "Roosevelt Mine". Consequently the Stewarts are gone from the Portland Canal to the giltest-edged luxuries of Seattle; Noble is in Vancouver in like case, and Rainey has gone back to the quest for placer gold in Bitter Creek, hoping for the final triumph of finding what he came for and doggedly stayed to find.

The development of the Portland Canal properties is a chapter in itself, a chapter of adventure and devotion—and crises. The adventure is treated lightly by Dickie, president of the company, the devotion has won the hearts of strong men, and the financial crises, now happily past, have whitened President Dickie's hair. Journeys from Stewart to Victoria in spite of wind and wave on various crucial occasions when money was needed, were all that saved the day. Money had to be had, no one but Dickie could get it—and he got it. But the sacrifices made remain as the scars of the battle—record of treasury stock pledged for a loan for $8,000, which a few weeks later was worth $160,000 at the market. The claims were staked by two men who went there "grub staked" by a syndicate of miners in the Tyee copper mine. Except Mr. Dickie, the members of the syndicate could not help much toward development expenses, but they threw themselves into the fight, took stock

A DRILL AT WORK AMONG THE ALASKAN SNOWS

BETWEEN THESE TWO TREES LIES ONE OF THE RICHEST OUTCROPS IN THE WORLD

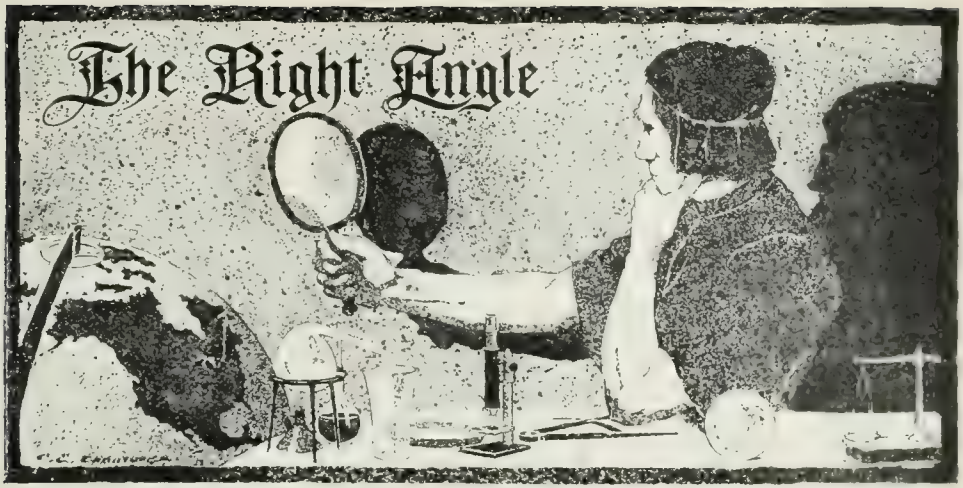
at times even for wages and won.

That is where the story of Charlie Palmer begins. He was a young Englishman, graduate of Oxford, polished of manner, soft of hand. He wasn't a miner, but powder and grub were needed up at the Portland Canal camp to enable the other men to open up those ore veins. Palmer was a Hercules and "game" as a badger. He volunteered to pack the powder and grub up the 2,000 feet of steep mountain trail, and take stock for pay. Month after month he made two and three trips daily with 120 pounds on his back.

With help like that and with President Dickie making frequent journeys by row boat, fishing boat, tramp freighter or steamer, past the ugly winds of the Nass River to Port Simpson, thence as best he could, on any Alaska boat that put in an appearance, to Vancouver and Victoria; with miners working like sixty day and night, and all of them putting up at times with short rations because boat arrivals were few—the "prospect" became a mine. Now tram and concentrator are building, and in a few months railroad cars will be at the ore chute. Developing was as hard as prospecting, for a district of smelting ores needs big capital; it is no poor man's game like panning a river's sands.

Alaska is getting cheerfully accustomed to signs and wonders. Such small things as overnight towns, fortunes made before breakfast, railroads playing peek-a-boo among glaciers, residence being switched from the United States to Canada and back again between drinks, and fishing Susie out of the Canal after she has fallen off the back doorstep into the sea twice in a morning, are inconsiderable trifles—the ordinary news of the day. Like Inspector-General Muller, it is with something more than a grain of truth that the average Alaskan can say, "Und I berform miracles, und py Cott dey come off, too!"

"PAP STEWART" HAS RETURNED TO THE GILTEST-EDGED LUXURIES THAT SEATTLE CAN OFFER, BUT HIS CABIN STILL IS ONE OF THE LANDMARKS IN THE TOWN THAT BEARS HIS NAME



OUR NEW SERIAL

EDWARD B. WATERWORTH
Author of "Pere Loup-Garou"

DID you ever hear the legend of the loup-garou told on a windy autumn night by a vivid-faced Frenchwoman, whose Breton ancestors believed it as much as they believed in the saints, and who passed down to their descendants a lively sense of the unseen? No? Be thankful, if you like to sleep well. But if you like a thrill and shiver on occasion, our new serial "Pere Loup-Garou," which begins in December CANADA MONTHLY, will fill your prescription.

What is it all about? That's just what no one knows, and therein lies its power. The Loup-Garou, the man-wolf that returns to earth in the garb of a priest lame in the left leg, and with wolfish feet and claws, is of course a thing no sensible person believes in, these days of science and policemen. Yet—sometimes in our everyday, three-meals world there arise problems to which there isn't any everyday answer, and with one of these mysteries "Pere Loup-Garou," by Edward B. Waterworth, deals.

You've read how that last night when beloved O. Henry lay dying in hospital, he said to the nurse at the last, "Turn up the lights; I don't want to go home in the dark." In that aching little phrase lay the child's cry that is hidden deep in every man's heart—the dread of the dark, of the unseen, the unknown. Deeper far than the fear that is felt in full sun is the terror that walks by night, the intangible presence of evil that grips you by the throat with lean claws—even in the homely seclusion of the cellar-stairs and sends you flying up three steps at a time to the gaslit kitchen and the purring pussy curled under the stove.

As long as a thing is recognizable, it is not so bad. Fear of death in visible forms, fear of failure, of ridicule, of the anger of someone beloved, are all bearable, all conquerable by a greater or less effort of will. But terror of the unseen cannot be dispelled by any reasoning of the mind; it simply is; and your defiant hair prickles just the same. Fortunately for the most of us, it fades after those cellar-stair days of youth, and we grown-up Marthas cumbered with so many practical cares cease to feel that

> A stone's throw out on either hand,
> From that well-ordered road we tread,
> And all the world is wild and strange.

Still, the most practical and sensible of us have had experiences that we couldn't explain, and such is the

mystery that prowls in the shadowy pine-woods fringing the North Shore of Lake Superior. At first the rumors were laughed at, and the city editors wired their country correspondent, asking him to name the asylum he preferred, and how soon could he get ready. But when a hard-headed millionaire gives up his beautiful summer cottage, and tells the newspaper men of his home city that if they want to investigate they can use his house, but that he won't go back there—well, then the story begins. You'll like the group of newspaper men who are sent to cover the story; Nora, the woman journalist, is the gamest thing ever, and the love story which centres about her touches the deeper mystery of the tale like a homely lighted window on a lonely road.

The author, Mr. Waterworth, is one of the younger American writers whose work has been singled out by lovers of good fiction as bearing the stamp of the good workman. His stories of the underworld which have created so much comment recently have made a lasting impression. His journalistic experience has provided him with a rich fund of material upon which he has drawn to good purpose. During the graft exposures in St. Louis, engineered by Folk, his duties as police reporter took him into the very thick of the struggle between the forces of the law and the crooked politicians who were using the municipal offices for their own ends. It is due to this fact that his sketches of everyday life in big cities are so absolutely true to type and vivid in detail.

"Pere Loup-Garou" is one of the best things he has ever done. The characters are drawn with a masterly hand, and the tale moves from incident to thrilling incident until the dramatic and unexpected end. Don't miss it. It is the most brilliant and compelling thing you have read in years.

THE MEN WHO COULDN'T BE FOOLED

DURING the summer of 1910, two parties of American agricultural experts, magazine and newspaper men toured Western Canada under the auspices of CANADA MONTHLY, to "spy out the land" for themselves and get copy for their several papers. They came warily, prepared to size up Canada to the last grass-blade; they went away with heads of wheat in their buttonholes and made-in-Canada grins under their mustaches.

One, the Peace River party, comprised seven well-known Americans, Emerson Hough, author and magazine writer, Robert Dunn, of *Everybody's Magazine*, Dr. B. K. Miller, the naturalist, of Wisconsin, Prof. Coates P. Bull, head of the Agricultural Experiment Station at the University of Minnesota, Prof. James H. Pettit, of the Department of Agronomy of the University of Illinois, and several well-known Canadians, including Arthur MacFarlane, whose work appears in *The Century*, *Collier's*, *Everybody's*, and other American magazines.

At Edmonton, early in August, the party was turned over by CANADA MONTHLY to J. K. Cornwall, who knows the Peace River and Slave Lake country as another man knows his own door-yard. By team and boat and steamer they went, following part of the time the old Mackenzie Trail through the fat meadows, visiting the Government Experiment Farm at Fort Vermilion, and sampling bread grown from seed on the edge of the Arctic Circle. The coming of these men to the Peace River country is an event of real historic significance. It is the first time a party of this sort has penetrated into Canada's great hinterland. The settlers knew they had a rich country, but they did not know how it compared with Ontario, Illinois, Dakota. The trader and hunter knew they had a rich country, and came back from their trips with vague, inexact tales which reached only a small audience, and did not receive much attention there.

It remained for these men, trained to exact observation, primed with exact knowledge of Ontario and Illinois and Dakota and everywhere else that seed is cast on good ground, keen to see, expert to judge after seeing, to appraise the North at its true worth, to bring news of its richness to "Outside".

It will not be long until "Outside"

THE AGRICULTURAL EDITORS EN ROUTE

Back row, reading from left to right: Prof. E. B. Morden, Manitoba Agricultural College; A. W. Fulton, Editor of New England Homestead and American Agriculturist; J. L. Doupe, Assistant Land Commissioner Canadian Pacific Railway. Front row: J. B Montgomery, Editor Farm Magazine and Rural Weekly; Herbert Vanderhoof, Editor Canada Monthly; E. E. Critchfield, Agricultural Advertising; Clarence D. Strow, Managing Editor Farm Life and National Fruit Grower and Gardener; F. G. Moorhead, Iowa Homestead, Wisconsin Farmer and Farmer and Stockman; Parke West, Farm Editor Chicago Record Herald.

knows the Peace River as we know the Saskatchewan; not long until there is no more "Outside" to the Peace, because it has become "Outside" itself. And it is these seven Americans who have started the turning of the tide.

The second party represented a dozen of the best-known agricultural papers in the States, and came up to the harvest fields of Western Canada just about the season when certain industrious gentlemen on the other side of the line were working their fountain pens overtime on the touching fairy tale, which has since generally become known as the "15,000 Returning Yankees Myth". One of the most effective refutations that this story could have had is the testimony of these agricultural editors, who saw Western Canadian conditions for themselves, and couldn't be fooled.

These men, representing the foremost farm papers, having expert knowledge of farming, and keeping in daily touch with crop conditions all over North America, were just the sort of men to estimate the Canadian situation with an appraising eye. They were men who knew. Figures may be juggled, hearsay garbled in repeating, estimates padded, but the stack and the grain-bag are actual physical facts, which no amount of doctoring can change. They simply are there—or they aren't.

The agricultural editors did not content themselves with observing crop conditions from a car-window; they went into the fields, and poked inquisitive noses into the farmers' barns, and prowled among the elevators along the sidings. They examined the ripe grain; they ate dinner with the thrashing crews; they compared notes with farmers who had come from Iowa and Minnesota and the Dakotas; they talked of sub-soils and drainage and nitrogen with their meals and in their sleep. And with one voice and varying emphatic adjectives, they pronounced the pathetic picture of the deluded and discouraged American returning to the shelter of the Stars and Stripes after a hopeless struggle with the barren soil, killing drought, and general great-lone-landness of Canada, as "bunk"

of the most flagrant and foolish kind.

Not only did they pronounce it "bunk" in conversation, but when they returned to their editorial chairs, they said it in print in no uncertain terms. Recently F. G. Moorhead, of the *Iowa Homestead*, *Wisconsin Farmer* and *Farmer and Stockman*, sent us an editorial written by him for an Iowa paper, which is typical of the work these men are doing for the Dominion:

> The statement that 15,000 American colonists have returned from Canada during the past year is absolutely unfounded and incorrect. The actual facts are that less than 500 settlers have returned. These figures are vouched for by the authorities at Washington, Winnipeg and Ottawa. The story that colonists are coming back by the thousands was undoubtedly inspired by railroads which do not enter the Canadian Provinces and which are trying to divert immigration to their respective territories in the States.
>
> A recent visit of a *Telegraph* representative through the Western Provinces of Canada discloses that crop conditions are good. Wheat will run from 20 to 35 bushels to the acre, while bumper crops of oats reaching as high as 85 to 90 bushels to the acre, are reported from many sections. Iowa has probably sent more settlers to Western Canada than any other State. Personal investigation has disclosed that the great bulk of these settlers are prosperous and contented. They do not evince any desire to return home, although conceding that Iowa is the best State in the Union.

No better answer than this could be made to the gentlemen who devised the "15,000 Returning Yankees Myth". This is the opinion of a man who knows, and it is refreshing to hear the truth so plainly told.

To acquaint such men as these with the truth about Canada does the country more good than can now be estimated. It is not simply that the actual facts seen by these writers will be translated into their special articles and receive wide publicity in the States this season. The men have gained a knowledge of the Dominion that will become a permanent part of their brain furniture, and for years to come they will spread that knowledge and help to quash some of the erroneous popular notions under which Canada has labored so long.

THE LUCKIER MAN

HE CAME to borrow five dollars.

A man of sixty he was, rather heavy and slow-moving, with a gentle, half-apologetic smile under his ragged grey mustache, and a quiet voice. His English was clear and perfect, his manner the manner of a gentleman. But there was an uncared-for look about him, the look of a man who needed a daughter to tie the bow of his stiff black string tie, and pull it into place with little motherly jerks—the look, too, of a man who remembered how it felt to have that bow tied while he looked down into her intent and puckered little face, and, after it was all straight, pulled her ear.

It came out slowly, with ashamed hesitancy. He had no money—not so much as a pocket-piece—no place to sleep, and he knew no one in the paven inland city whence he had drifted from the leisurely Nova Scotia beaches. He had tried to pawn his cheap nickel watch for enough to buy him a bed, and failed. He had tried to find work, and failed at that, for he was too old to compete with the keen-faced and nervous young men who read the advertisements and knew how to say it quick when they applied for the jobs. He—well, what does a man think about when he walks the weary streets at six o'clock without the open sesame of a coin in his frayed pocket? The intent hawk-like faces hurry by him, too busy to know enough of their neighbor to love or hate him, certainly too busy to notice one old man out of luck; the lights flash and change in the signs; puffs of orris and violet float out as silken women cross the pavement from the taxi at the curb to the opened doors of the café; there is a burst of gay music and a waft of luxurious dinners and a glimpse of white tables dashed with notes of color—a golden and scarlet salad, a nest of green lettuce, a quivering deep ruby of burgundy—and the doors are shut, while the man goes on, miserably wondering—wondering.

And he came to borrow five dollars, because the name on the magazine was Canada.

It was not to be a gift, at all. He

THE COOL SHADOWY CELLS OF THE SILENT MONKS

When our engraver sent back the cuts illustrating Mrs. Georgina Newhall's article on "The Brotherhood of Silence," the inclosed bill was an interesting commentary on "Our Lady of the Snows." It read, "Half-tones of tropical views, $18.60." Now these photographs were nearly all taken on this side of the line, and quite apart from their sombre beauty and mediaeval feeling, it seems rather a good advertisement for Canadian climate and scenery when Quebec pictures draw a "tropical" adjective from an unimaginative business house.

had plans. There was a certain railroad office where a fellow-townsman of his had once worked. The boss of that office was from Nova Scotia, and if he could once see him, he was sure of a place. But, somehow, he had been out every time he had called. To-morrow, to-morrow——

On my desk lay the usual litter of letters, papers, advertising matter and what-not, the stuff that, not requiring instant attention, had been laid aside. As the old man talked with dignity of his poor vague plans, a Canadian Government Annuities booklet suddenly caught my eye. "Comfort and Happiness in Old Age" ran the line of bold black type across its face, and I slid a letter over it to hide the irony of the words.

I had seen it plenty of times before. I knew of the Government's plan of annuities to be paid after a man or woman is too old to work longer —but somehow the pathos of old age had never come over me so directly. With the cheerful philosophy of youth, I had taken it for granted that everything would come out right somehow, because to be sure it always had. Now it was flung in my face, and with it was flung the answer.

But for him the answer had come too late, and he sat opposite me, fingering the ravelling cheap ribbon of his watch-fob, and still looking at me with that unconscious pathos. Perhaps he didn't need that answer, after all. Here was I, just come from dinner, with a roll of bills in my waistcoat, well-dressed, comfortably housed from the chill autumn dusk, presumably fortunate, presumably happy, presumably to be envied by all waifs and strays. Presently he would go out into the street again, with only five dollars between him and the end of the dock. And yet, if he only knew it, perhaps he was the luckier man, with that unlined, unanxious face, that simple faith in the job he was going to get, and that five-dollar bill in his pocket.

It was DuBois who said: "Herein lies the tragedy of the age: Not that men are poor; all men know something of poverty. Not that men are wicked; who is good? Not that men are ignorant; what is truth? Nay, but that men know so little of each other!"

If he only knew it, perhaps he was the luckier man.

THE FAIRY TALE

IF EVER a woman by right of beauty and grace and faultless flowing line of body should be a princess in a fairy-tale, that woman is Alla Nazimova, who only a few years ago was just a slim little Russian actress playing in an obscure Yiddish Theatre on New York's East Side. Beautiful she is, a figure and face that is the joy and despair of artists, a grace that should move in a poet's dream.

Yet her new play, "The Fairytale," translated by Nina Lewton from the German of Arthur Schnitzler, has only one thing in common with fairytales—the fact that it never comes true. It is the old sad problem of a man's requiring a woman to be what he himself is not, despising her for what he rather admires in himself—the pitiful fairytale of a woman who has made a misstep, finding her love too late, and realizing that she has thrown away her life with her own hands.

As Fanny Theren, the successful young Viennese actress, Alla Nazimova sits alone in the midst of her mother's fluttering "at home," a slender little figure in a dull-violet gown, all white face and dead-black hair and great black eyes, against a background of high windows, dull-violet too with the light of the fading day. Everybody else is moving about, chattering, drinking tea, discussing this and that very cleverly, yet the eyes of the audience are only for Fanny, silent, apart, thinking, a wild swan in a hencoop, a thing of thistledown, fire and dreams.

An hour before she has faced the fact that she loves Theodore Denner, and that he loves her. He knows that she has had a lover, a Dr. Witte, who is now soon to be married, and comes no more to her "at homes": what he does not know is that there was still another before him. An hour before she has said passionately, "I'm not the sort of girl a man marries," and she sits there in the gay group, thinking, thinking, and the audience watch, leaning forward.

Presently there is a break in the general hum; Theodore Denner is on his feet, suddenly breaking into vivid speech, defending the "fallen woman," declaring the "fallen woman idea" to be a fairy-tale, saying that because a girl has made a misstep she is not to be condemned. And Fanny turns on him piteous, eager eyes. Does he believe what he is saying? Is there perhaps a chance that he will forgive? She says no word, but the very air of the theatre grows tense, and people's hands shut into fists on their laps.

Then the scene changes to Theodore Denner's study. Dr. Witte, who knows nothing of Denner's passion for Fanny, very complacently discusses his approaching marriage, and incidentally plumes himself on his virtue—he has never ruined an innocent girl. This stings Denner to fresh torment; if this is true, what of Fanny? In a high-

Sketched from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALLA NAZIMOVA

Madame Nazimova is so well satisfied with the reception of her new play, "*The Fairy-tale*" that she has decided not to play any other parts this season

keyed scene, he puts the question to her, when she has come to him because she cannot longer stay away.

Then follows her pitiful little story. The first came when she was only seventeen—"it was in the summer; I hardly know how it happened," she says. The second, "I thought he was saving me from the first." Now she loves Denner, and she trails her

splendid length in the dust before him, abasing herself as only a woman in love can. "Are you listening?" she pleads, in a high thin cry. "Are you listening?" "Yes," he says, grimly from the shadow. "I'm reasoning. . . . I'm reasoning."

The result of his reason is stated baldly to her. "You've made two 'mistakes,' as you call them," he says acidly. "I don't think I care to be another 'mistake' in your life."

Then Fanny makes her success; all Vienna raves over her. A contract is offered her by a St. Petersburg manager, a contract that will make her career assured. Again there is the light, gay, flirting, frivolous crowd at the Theren home, among them Theodore Denner, ground between his millstones. Then comes the manager. Will she sign? She hesitates, begs Denner's advice, pleads with her eyes that he ask her to stay in Vienna. He reads it formally, and formally advises her to accept such an excellent opportunity. She signs; and then, snatching it back, begs that she may keep it until morning. The manager consents; the guests go in to supper; and she is left alone with Theodore Denner to make her last unavailing attempt to win him back.

"The past is wiped out—is forgotten," she says. "I will be—what will I not be for you? I have wiped out your past; can you not forget mine?" But there's the trouble; he cannot forget. At last she straightens up, holding her head like a queen. "Then go," she says. "I am tired of going on my knees to a man who is not one whit better than I. This is the end of the dream. Go."

And Denner goes. For a moment he hesitates in the hall, but from the supper room comes a voice, "Fanny, aren't you coming?" He ducks out of the door in guilty haste, and the play ends, leaving Fanny staring into the dusty future with wide, haunted gaze.

Morbid? Yes. Unprofitable? Yes. The trouble with all these Ibsenitish plays is that their days are all grey, their people all unpleasant, and their conclusions all disheartening. Tomorrow the play will be forgotten, but Alla Nazimova, sitting in the obscure corner of the gay room, a brooding little figure in dull-violet, with eyes like black fires, thinking, thinking, is a picture not easily forgotten. Poor, disinherited little princess, whirled in the eddy of circumstance, with the mud of the street on her hair, instead of a crown.

THE LAUGH AND THE LADY

LAURETTE TAYLOR breaks all to flinders the old rhyme about the little girl who had a little curl right down in the middle of her forehead. And when she was good, she was very, very good. But when she was bad, she was horrid. For Laurette Taylor is cunningest and most fetching when she is bad—wicked—naughty—an impish little elf concocting mischief under the rose.

In "The Girl in Waiting," she tumbles on the darkened stage in the middle of a pouring rain storm at two G. M. (G. M. standing for awful late or awful early, as the case may be), and perches on the top step of a strange porch, a castaway, shapeless bundle of clothes in which nobody is much interested. And then she laughs—a wicked, throaty, elfish little laugh, the chuckling glee of a mischievous gnome, the bubbling, infectious, gurgling mirth of Puck, when squatted on his heels, he rejoices, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" There is malice in Laurette Taylor's laugh, the malice of an irresponsible imp who loves to set people at cross-purposes, and tweak the gods by the nose just to see if she can get away with it. And it is quaint to hear the answering laughter she evokes from her audience—the chuckling ripple that responds is as different from the ordinary ha-ha at a comedy-farce as Puck's cachinnation is from Nick Bottom's. When the lights come up, one looks at her askance, expecting to see small goats' feet in her French slippers, or waving antennæ delicately afloat above her eye-brows—some outward and visible sign at least of that impish sound.

"The Girl in Waiting" is a comedy-farce of the kind that are plenty as red leaves in autumn, nowadays—a slight skein of absurd nonsense, a string of

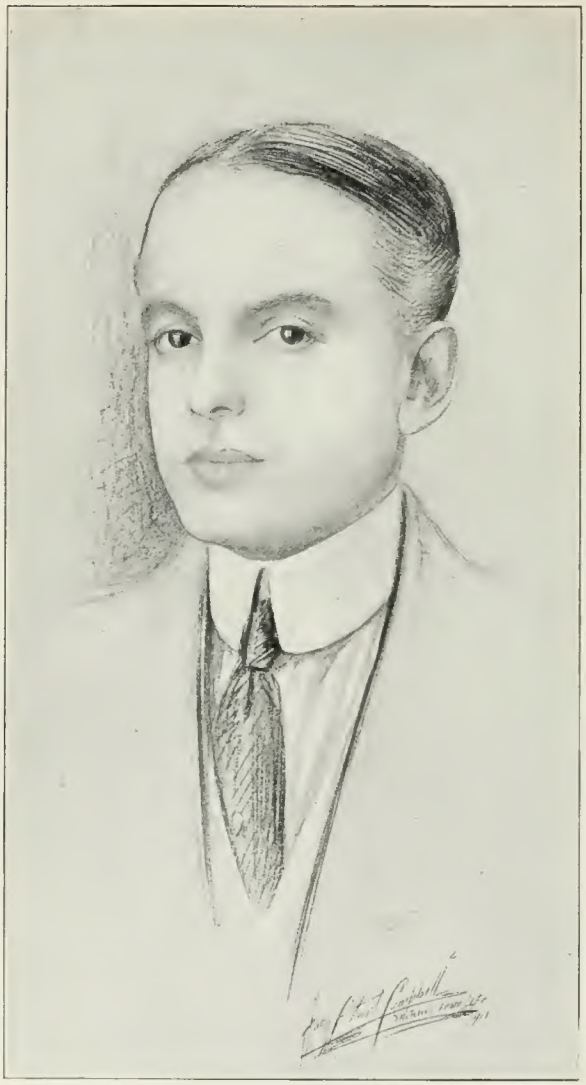
Sketched from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

RICHARD CARLE

Actor, playwright, stage manager, song-writer and owner of the funniest pair of legs in the profession

caricatures and cross-purposes with no real humanity in it except that wicked little laugh. But that one thing is enough to set the audience laughing, too—and laughing in good earnest, if one may be permitted the paradox. Such music as hers it must have been that lured the Irish shepherd lads to follow the Good Folk, and drew the children of Hamelin Town after the Pied Piper.

She is at her best in the light and mischievous scenes; the few moments when she is serious are as disappointing as if a butterfly suddenly decided to have a mission and tried to preach from the top of a daffodil.



Sketched from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

JOHN HYAMS

With Leila MacIntyre (Mrs. Hyam) in W. D. Nesbit's new play, *"The Girl of my Dreams"*

any difficulty in discerning their exact location. A twinkling and expressive pair of legs they are, liable to lead their innocent-eyed owner very far astray, and harmonizing with the serious, almost sad Carlian face about as well as a goat with a prayer-meeting.

They say that Carle is always cheerful in private life, never annoyed, never worried, never upset about anything. Possibly that is why he, being outside the picture, can give such a lovely representation of a harassed and anxious man when he is on the boards. The inimitable Carle face contorted with embarrassment before the massive and highly indignant Major's lady, the equally inimitable Carle legs ditto, the frantic efforts of their owner to seem at ease, culminating in a miserable attempt to whistle with light-hearted gaiety before the lady's piercing and unamused eye, are enough to upset the gravity of a wooden Indian. For ten minutes, without say ing a word, he keeps his audience in a roar with his pantomime.

Otherwise, " Jumping Jupiter" is the usual thing—legs and lingerie, jokes old and new, songs of more or less merit, the best of which is " Geography," and Edna Wallace Hopper trying to do the high kick in a hobble skirt.

JUMPING JUPITER

THE funniest pair of legs on the stage to-day belong to Richard Carle. There's a lot of them, to begin with—that is, a lot up and down, though not very much sideways,—and in " Jumping Jupiter," his new piece of nonsense, Carle uses them to the very best advantage, adorning them with white spats so that there is never

TALKING ABOUT GIRL SHOWS

John E. Young, who is in " The Sweetest Girl in Paris," has been looking up the "girl titles" of dramas and musical comedies. During an idle five minutes while waiting for a cue the other night he jotted down some of these titles which came to his mind. There isn't a failure among them. Some of the shows were good, and

some bad—but they all succeeded. Here is his list:

"The Girl With the Green Eyes."
"The Girl of My Dreams."
"The Girl in the Taxi."
"The Girl Question."
"The Time, the Place and the Girl."
"The Other Girl."
"The Girl at the Helm."
"The Girl in the Train."
"The Girl Behind the Counter."
"The Girl in Waiting."
"My Cinderella Girl."
"The Rollicking Girl."
"The Earl and the Girl."
"The Girl From Up Yonder."
"The Girl Out There."
"The Girl From Kay's."
"The Girl From Maxim's."
"The Girl From Rector's."
"The Girl Raffles."
"The Girl and the Drummer."
"The Girl in the Kimono."
"Girlies."

Why doesn't somebody write a "boy" play? Or is trousered humanity going to let Mother Eve score unchallenged?

Sketched from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

LAURETTE TAYLOR

The clever little leading lady of "*The Girl in Waiting*"

SPARKS FROM THE WIRE

BOB: "To-morrow, sweetheart, we shall be married; to-morrow will be the happiest day of our lives."

Widow: "Ah! I've had five happiest days in my life!"

Molly: "My people have a family tree."

Steve: "That's nothing; my dad has a packing-plant."

Professor: "Define a river? Why, when a river is broke, it can draw on either bank; when it's hungry, it can eat from its own mouth; and when it is tired, it can sleep in its own bed."

Major: "He's single and well-off; why don't you marry him?"

Widow: "That's just the trouble; he's single and knows he's well off."

Professor: "Connie dangerous? Why, man, she's a very banana-peel on the threshold of discretion."

HELPFUL HINTS

MOCK turtle soup is improved in flavor by straining it through a new tortoise-shell comb.

Worn phonograph disks make excellent pie pans. Use the grand opera disks, of course, for French pastry.

An old automobile tire, gilded, makes a unique picture frame. If you do not own an auto you can buy a second-hand tire for $40 or $50.

The gum on the back of a postage stamp is rich in albumen. It is all right for vegetarians who are not opposed to the licker habit.

UNFORTUNATE

"THE worst feature of the campaigns," said the eminent politician, "is the atrocious cartoons they make of me."

"And the worst feature of the cartoons," said a sympathetic listener, "is that they resemble you so much."

WHAT THEY ALL SAY

IN one day she was told that she had
(1) Beautiful hair.
(2) Lovely skin.
(3) A perfect figure.
(4) Shapely hands.
(5) Very small feet.

However it is explained by the fact that she visited
(1) The hairdresser.
(2) The beauty doctor.
(3) The modiste.
(4) The manicurist.
(5) The shoe store.

POOR ANIMAL

"LITTLE boy," asks the well-meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answers the bright lad.

"Well, do you know what poor animal it is that has had to suffer in order that your mamma might have the furs with which she adorns herself so proudly?"

"Yes, sir. My papa."

EXPERT COACHING

"ISN'T it wonderful?" we ask, watching the football game. "The way Hafbak tucks the ball under his arm and runs with it is simply amazing. Who coached him?"

"I understand," explains our friend, "that he trained all summer with a colored gentleman, getting the knack of lifting a watermelon and escaping from the patch before the bulldog could catch him."

MORNING MUSING

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

SCRAPE! Scrape! Scrape!
Each morning I have to shave,
And then with a tonic to coax the hair
The top of my head I lave.
And this is the song I spin
While giving the blade a shove:
"Why can't I be bald upon my chin
And have whiskers that grow above?"